The Outlook

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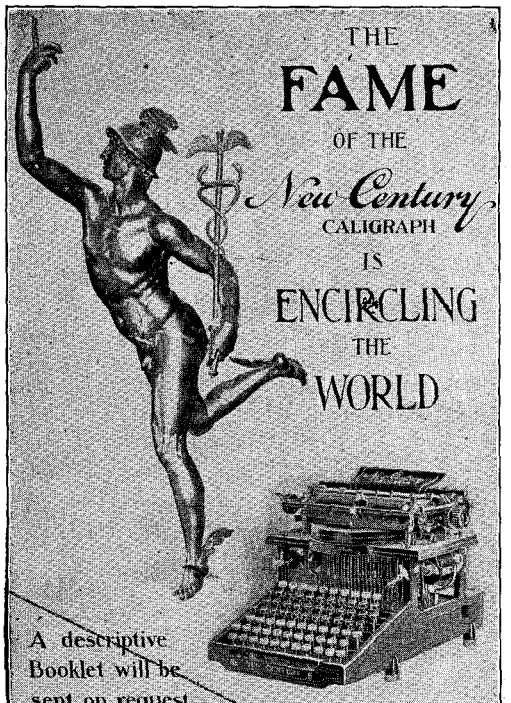

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The Outlook

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The Philippine Campaign Two important advances have been made the past week in the military occupation of the Philippines by the United States. The first was the action of the island of Negros, through a commission sent to Manila, accepting our sovereignty over that island. Negros is one of the largest islands in the Visayas group, and has about 350,000 population. Its capital is Bacolot, and there are several other towns of some consequence on the coast. The present action is due to the coast residents, it is probable, rather than to the more savage inhabitants of the inland mountain regions. Negros, after the withdrawal of Spanish forces from the island, had established a provisional government of its own, but it refused to accept the leadership of Aguinaldo. The second step is the taking at least nominal possession of the island of Cebu by a United States vessel. This is another island of the Visayas group and one of considerable size, though smaller than Negros, and its chief town, Cebu, is the third largest in the Philippine Islands. The gunboat Petrel landed fifty sailors early last week, and there was no armed opposition to the occupation of the city of Cebu. Despatches from Manila received here Monday, however, say: "The authorities made no forcible resistance to our occupation, they being practically without means of defense. The only fear now is that they will burn the town before the troops arrive." The less encouraging features of the campaign for the week have been the attempt to burn the city of Manila which took place on the evening of Washington's Birthday, the burning on Saturday of the village of Mariquina, seven miles from Manila, and the fact that, in one instance at least, a body of the enemy successfully broke through our lines. The incendiary attempt of the native sympathizers with Aguinaldo in Manila produced a serious destruction of property and a heavy money loss, but the energy of the troops prevented the fire from spreading throughout the city. There seems to have been a concerted action between the incendiaries and the insurgent troops outside the city, who, according to General Otis's despatch, succeeded in entering the outskirts of Manila and were then driven back with loss. There has been skirmishing but no serious fighting beyond Caloocan and at other parts of our line.

❀

The Situation The military situation seems to be, briefly, that our troops can with ease drive back any force of insurgents which opposes them in the field, but that if our lines are extended to a distance of many miles from Manila there is danger that separate bands of insurgents may get between the city and the outlying wings of the army. This is probably what General Otis had in mind when he cabled to the commander of reinforcements which had reached Ceylon that haste should be made, as the situation was "critical." Admiral Dewey's despatch urging that the Oregon, now at Honolulu, should be sent with haste on account of "political reasons," has puzzled the Government at Washington and the press. It may mean either that the presence of the Oregon is desired by Admiral Dewey in order to strengthen our force on the coast and impress those natives now hesitating whether to accept our rule or to follow Aguinaldo, or it may possibly mean that the presence of the Oregon would reassure the foreign governments (Germany especially) as to the safety of the lives and property of their citizens now in Manila. All agree

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that Admiral Dewey's message, whatever it may mean, was founded on a wise view of affairs, as the country has implicit confidence in Admiral Dewey. It is equally true that the message is not a source of alarm as to immediate danger, and General Otis's despatches to Washington indicate full confidence in the ability of our commanders to extend our military rule steadily. The latest reports are that 8,000 of the insurgents have offered to surrender, but that General Otis will not treat with them as a military force and only demands that they lay down their arms and disperse.

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Washington's Birthday Addresses

The present crisis lent unusual interest to the addresses delivered last week in commemoration of Washington. It was noteworthy that President Low, of Columbia, the orator of the day at Philadelphia, and President Adams, of Wisconsin University, the most thoughtful of the speakers at Chicago, both placed the moral emphasis of their addresses upon the supreme need of a reform in the civil service, created by our possession of the Spanish islands. President Adams did not advocate that this possession should be made permanent, but he strenuously insisted that it would prove a curse both to the islands and to ourselves unless our civil service was made thoroughly pure. President Low's address was an eloquent defense of President McKinley's Administration. The President, he declared, had no alternative except to pursue the policy he had taken. Our position toward the Philippines, he urged, was not like that of France toward America. We are bound, he said, to consider the capacity of the natives for self-government. To declare that we cannot govern the Philippines without being untrue to our ideal of government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," was to claim that self-governing democracy, by its very nature, is incapable of serving other peoples except by its own example. Mr. Low declared that he did not think so meanly of democracy. He did not question that we should give to the Filipinos free schools and free speech, freedom to worship God according to their own conscience, and equality before the law. At the Detroit celebration Secretary Alger declared that the Stars and Stripes have never been taken down from where they have been planted but once, and they never will be again. Governor Pingree, who was a guest at the same meeting, spoke of the dangers to the Republican party from the fact that it is no longer distinctively the party of the common people, but has drawn to itself the wealthy classes which a generation ago opposed it, and is in danger of accepting their leadership. Mr. Bryan's address, which was the feature of the principal celebration at Washington, laid its emphasis upon the supremacy of conscience over "manifest destiny" as a guide in political action. "Manifest destiny," he said, "is not a matter of chance, but a matter of choice. It is not a thing to be waited for; it is a thing to be achieved. The hour of temptation has come; but temptations do not destroy, they merely test the strength of the individuals and nations. They are stumbling-blocks or stepping-stones according to the use made of them."

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The Military Court of Inquiry

The army court formed to investigate General Miles's charge as to the beef furnished the soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico listened last week to the testimony of many officers, including General Miles and General Eagan; this week the court is visiting Chicago to see the methods of the contractors who furnished refrigerated and canned beef. General Miles confirmed the accuracy of the reports of his testimony before the President's Commission, supported by the reports of many officers. He declined, however, to admit the correctness of newspaper interviews. He disclaimed any intention of charging fraud in the sentence "under pretense of experiment," applied by him to the furnishing of refrigerated beef, admitting that the phrase was open to misconstruction, and that he should have said "theory" instead of "pretense." As to the "embalmed" or "processed" beef, it is now clear that Dr. Daly's report, on which General Miles partly relied, referred to an experiment with which the Government and army had nothing to do, except as the meat was allowed to be put on transports, not to be eaten, but to be

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observed. But General Miles intimated that he would later offer evidence about the treatment of refrigerated beef. A mass of testimony was presented by General Kent, Major Jackson, Lieutenant-Colonel Van Horn, Lieutenant-Colonel Humphrey, and others to the effect that the canned beef was unpalatable, tasteless, repulsive in appearance, without nutritious qualities, and was rejected by the men. Some evidence to the contrary was adduced, but the preponderance of the oral proof, added to the sixty or more officers' reports filed by General Miles, indicates to the lay mind that most of this canned beef was worse than useless as a ration. On the other hand, there was a good deal of evidence indicating that the refrigerated beef was generally good when not issued from cold storage too long before being used, and there was a fair division of opinion as to whether beef on the hoof could have been used to advantage in Porto Rico, as General Miles asserts. General Eagan laid stress on the intention of the Commissary Department that the canned beef should be used only as a travel or emergency ration when fresh beef could not be had, to be eaten with condiments and vegetables, if obtainable, not out of the can. He admitted that the effect of heat was to make the meat repulsive to the eye.

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Congress: The Army Reorganization Bill

The determination of the Democratic Senators to prevent the passage of any army reorganization bill at this session of Congress, rather than accept the permanent establishment of a standing army of 98,000 men, led the Administration Senators to accept the compromise offered by Senator Cockrell on behalf of his party associates. This compromise is substantially that proposed by Mr. Bryan at the time of his resignation from the army. It is that the regular army shall be continued for two years upon the basis of 65,000 men, and that the President shall be authorized to enlist 35,000 more for service in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, so long as he may deem their services to be required. Senator Cockrell's original proposal that the provincial force should be composed exclusively of natives of the Spanish islands, officered by Americans, was modified so as to allow the President to exercise his discretion regarding the nativity as well as the number of this special force. While the compromise looked like a Democratic victory, the most effective criticism of the original bill came from a Republican Senator, Mr. Proctor, of Vermont—first Secretary of War under President Harrison's Administration. The defect of the Committee bill, said Senator Proctor, was that it perpetuated the corps of staff officers upon the basis that is the source of the most serious evils from which our armies are now suffering. Vacancies in this corps, he said, are filled exclusively by promotion; and as the appointments are all made at the foot of the list, even less care is used than if they were made to the higher and more responsible places. The common method of appointment he described as follows:

> There is a vacancy, or is to be one, of a captaincy in the Quartermaster's Department. The scramble for the place commences months before the vacancy actually occurs. There are about six hundred first lieutenants in the line of the army; one hundred or more of them are applicants for the place. There are hundreds of others just as well fitted, who are not applicants, either because they have no influential political friends or because, from a sense of honor and propriety, they will not seek preferment. The applicants file briefs giving their record, with letters from military officers, personal and political friends. These briefs are often printed pamphlets of many pages. The wives, mothers, and sisters of the applicants in personal interviews appeal to the President and the Secretary. This scramble to get out of the fighting branch of the army is at least unseemly. Of course but little consideration is given to most of these applications. Senator A or Representative B has a relative or a constituent with powerful influence behind him. He demands the appointment and gets it.

It is perhaps needless to point out that Generals Eagan and Corbin have come to the front as officers of the staff. The reorganization which Senator Proctor demanded was one under which officers of the line should serve for temporary periods on the staff, after the manner employed in the English army and also in the American navy. Secretary Proctor's determined opposition to the Committee bill, combined with the desire of the Administration Senators to avoid a special session of Congress, helped to bring about the prompt acceptance of the Democratic compromise,

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On Monday the compromise bill passed the Senate by a vote of 55 to 13, with some amendments, the most important being that on July 1, 1901, the army shall be reduced to 27,000 men—its number before the beginning of the war with Spain.

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The Railways and the Mails

At the hearing last week before the Post-Office Committee, Mr. Finley Acker, a Philadelphia merchant, presented forcibly the reasons which had led the National Board of Trade to demand a heavy reduction in the payments now made to the railroads for carrying the mails. Some of Mr. Acker's arguments are already familiar to our readers; but one of them was entirely novel. He showed the Committee, by means of photographs of the various cars used, that the special postal cars for which the Government pays a rental of $6,250 a year apiece are apparently identical in structure and equipment with the postal compartments in the combination cars for which no rental is paid. Yet the Government is spending over $3,000,000 a year in rental for these special cars, in addition to the regular rate for hauling the mail they contain. This abuse is one which must be speedily rectified. It has now been many years since Secretary Vilas pointed out that the annual rental paid for these postal cars is more than their original cost. Even if some rental be justifiable, the rate is surely preposterous. These postal cars, as any one can see by examining them, cost no more to construct than the tourists' cars made by the Pullman Company, yet the Pullman Company receives less than $2,000 a year from each of these tourist cars, out of which sum it has to pay the wages of a porter and part of the wages of a conductor. The net returns to the Pullman Company from one of these cars are much less than one-third what the Government pays the railroads as rental for a postal car. Besides this rental, the Government pays a minimum of six cents a ton each mile for the mail carried in the car, ranging from two to ten tons per car. The average receipts of the railroads for hauling one of these cars are about thirty-six cents a mile, while the average receipts of railroads for hauling a Pullman car are merely the fares collected from a few passengers, some of whom ride upon passes. The Government, therefore, is paying the railroads about three times as much for hauling a postal car as the Pullman Company and its patrons pay for hauling a Pullman. We have previously shown that the Government pays the railroads over three times as much per ton mile as do the express companies, though its hauls are longer and should be performed at a lower rate. All along the line, apparently, the Government pays for carrying the mails about three times as much as private corporations pay for similar services.

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Negro Disfranchisement

North Carolina, if its Legislature reflects public sentiment, will follow the example of South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana by the adoption of a constitutional amendment disfranchising the bulk of its negro voters. The measure proposed is substantially that adopted in Louisiana establishing educational and property qualifications, but stipulating that they shall not apply to families which enjoyed the suffrage prior to the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment. In a Senate of fifty members only six voted against it, and in a lower House of one hundred and twenty members only twenty-seven voted against it. In the House at least the vote did not follow strictly party lines, as six Democrats voted against the measure, while three Populists and one Republican voted in its favor. In Louisiana the Constitutional Convention which drafted this provision for the disfranchisement of the blacks had the power to put it into effect without consulting the voters. In North Carolina, however, the voters must pass upon the amendment. If the white voters were a unit, the amendment would be adopted by a majority of more than two to one—for the white voters at the last census numbered 233,000 and the blacks only 109,000. But this very preponderance of whites in North Carolina has not only lessened the fear of "negro domination," but has caused many of the white voters to believe that even-handed justice to men of both races is a safer remedy for admitted evils than the repression of the blacks. The white population in the mountain districts is largely Republican in politics, and if it votes solidly

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against the proposed disfranchisement of negroes the amendment will be defeated. Even if it is adopted, the Republican party in North Carolina has sufficient means to bring the matter before the United States Courts, and test the question whether the proposed disfranchisement of families which received the suffrage by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution does not conflict with its provision that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be abridged by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The Outlook is in sympathy with honest attempts to exclude vice and ignorance from the polls; but the law must not exclude vicious and ignorant blacks and admit vicious and ignorant whites.

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Tammany and the Elevated Roads

It is natural that public opinion should ascribe the sudden and concerted attacks upon the New York City elevated roads to something else than zeal for the public interests on the part of the Tammany officials by whom they are made. Whether, in point of fact, stock-jobbery, a desire to force the Manhattan Elevated Company to deal with the Metropolitan Company, or the refusal of the Manhattan to allow the Compressed Air Company (in which Mr. Croker is interested) to allow the latter to hang its pipes on the structure of the elevated roads, or some other special motive, has prompted the attacks we do not know. But, whether the motive of these attacks be good or bad, it is earnestly to be hoped that out of them may come some good to the people of New York. That the elevated roads have insolently and persistently disregarded the public comfort is notorious; any effort to make the roads keep their structures safe, neat, and well painted, their stations clean and in sanitary condition, their cars sufficient in accommodations, healthful, and clean, will meet general approval. Reforms of this kind have long been needed, and the company, although it now makes profuse promises for the future, has shown such indifference in the past that the force of stringent law should be applied. The ordinances now awaiting the Mayor's action direct the roads to put drip-pans under the tracks for the entire length of the line (a matter of some expense, no doubt, but the only way of shielding the passers beneath from oil and water drippings), and to run trains at intervals of five minutes day and night—a requirement obviously not necessary for fair service, and decidedly unreasonable. The Health Board has served scores of notices upon the company demanding reform as to the drip-pans and the sanitary conditions of stations and cars. Even the actual safety of the structure has been called in question, but no proof of danger has been adduced. The Park Board has served notice on the company to remove its structures from Battery Park, to which the road was given access on condition that its occupation might be terminated at six months' notice. This last attack presents a fairly open question—whether or not the public would lose more by the inability of the elevated road to bring its passengers to South Ferry and the adjacent ferries than it now loses by the defacing of the park. Whatever be the opinion upon this and some other disputed points, there can be no doubt about the pressing need of enforcement of the laws of common cleanliness and reasonable comfort in the cars and stations of the lines.

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The Tuskegee Conference

There is no more influential or hopeful assembly of "labor" than the annual parliament of the negro farmers known as the Tuskegee Conference. Its eighth annual meeting was held February 22 on the grounds of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Alabama. About one thousand negro farmers attended, and two thousand persons were present in the new chapel, built of brick made on the spot by the Tuskegee students. The whole country was represented, from Virginia to Texas and from Massachusetts to Wisconsin. While other conferences deal with outrages and with politics, the Tuskegee Conference concerns itself, as Principal Booker T. Washington said in his opening address from the chair, only with the morals and the homes, the educational and economic interests, of the negro. Its special aim is to promote the development among the agricultural masses, who con-

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stitute eighty-five per cent. of the Southern negroes, of industrious and thrifty manhood, economic independence, virtuous homes, and adequate education. Of the results of the year's endeavor, the reports given by various speakers from Alabama and other States were blended of light and shade, with a decided tone of encouragement in increasing land ownership, prosperous farming, and lengthened school terms. A point abundantly testified to was the negro's gain, by thrift and enterprise, of economic equality with white neighbors. There is no color-line among the competent. "My best customers," said one, "are white people." Some declared it largely the negro's fault if race relations were not what they should be. Others said, "The white people are our best friends, and we are going to make them more so."

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The Tuskegee Idea A sign of promise for wholesome treatment and happy settlement of the race problem is the spreading through the South of the "Tuskegee idea" embodied in this great annual conference. More than one hundred and fifty local conferences on the same plan have been organized in Alabama, most of them meeting monthly. In these the negro farmers get together to report progress on the Tuskegee line, and to encourage one another by telling of their endeavors and successes. These conferences have spread into other States, and are getting to be common throughout the South. A writer in the Montgomery "Advertiser" says that they reach the masses of the people more than all other agencies combined, and "have such vital relations to the meal and meat problem that they touch the interests of every plantation." The negro women, too, are taking hold. One of these reported the formation in her "beat" of a conference of mothers numbering seventy members. These women "sell butter and eggs and buy their own clothes, and have raised $175 besides during the year to help their husbands out of debt." The closing "Declarations" which, under Principal Washington's wise leadership, focalize the farmers' discussions, emphasize points of moment not for negro labor only; viz., intentness on the serious side of life, the cultivation of steady habits, saving as better than spending, all possible sacrifices for better education, and the development of moral and Christian character. The following day was devoted, as usual, to the Workers' Conference, composed of representative helpers and friends of the Tuskegee movement, teachers and others, white and negro, from South and North. The theme of its discussion was the relations of the two races, the difficulties involved and their remedies. Of this no detailed report has reached us. It is true, as Principal Washington affirmed in his opening address, that the problem of closer and more friendly relations between the negro and the white is one which can be most helpfully considered in the educational institutions of the South.

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The Anglo-American Commission The adjournment of the joint High Commission at Washington without agreeing upon a treaty is very disappointing, especially as most of the points in dispute had been satisfactorily adjusted, and it was hoped that these might be made the basis of a treaty, leaving unsettled matters for further consideration. Instead of this, all the conclusions arrived at are left open till August 2 next, when the Commission will meet again, unless the Chairmen of both sides agree upon a different date. That this indicates a merely formal arrangement is not to be accepted; hope is expressed that further delay over the Alaskan boundary question, the one vital point of disagreement, may conduce to less exacting demands by the Canadian Commissioners. It was inability to accept the terms upon which the latter wished to submit this question to arbitration that broke off the negotiations; and that an agreement was not made as to remaining matters was not the fault of our Commissioners, but resulted from the evident desire of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues for a complete settlement. Our Commissioners were willing to refer the Alaskan question to six jurists—three British and three American—while the Canadians wanted terms of reference similar to those of the Venezuelan question, which provided for an umpire. Neither side would agree to the method of choosing an umpire proposed by the

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other, nor would our Commissioners agree to arbitrate American control of existing settlements on the tide-waters of the coast. It is, therefore, only opposition to a proposed method of reference to arbitration, together with the exception as to tide-water settlements, that have blocked the way to the hoped-for Treaty of Quebec. At least no other explanation has been given.

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The Reasons of the Failure

That present failure is only temporary, however, is natural to expect from the importance and intricacy of the matters submitted six months ago. The labor of these prolonged negotiations can hardly come to naught; the best of feeling has prevailed on both sides, and the provision for a future resumption of sessions is not an idle formality. Accepting the prevalent impression that satisfactory conclusions have actually been reached on some of the points submitted, even this is far in advance of most negotiations hitherto; on former occasions there has been more discussion and delay over one question than over the dozen or more referred to this Commission. Besides, for reasons we have already stated, it was not expected that the Senate, as now constituted, would have ratified the treaty; nor is it likely that the Canadian Commissioners, comprising the Premier and part of his Cabinet, would care to face the House of Commons at Ottawa with an agreement in part instead of a comprehensive treaty such as they hoped to secure. Party reasons of the most urgent kind demand that no expedient be left untried, for throughout Canada the belief is general that if a Liberal administration cannot procure a treaty, the latter's postponement will be indefinite. There are, of course, changed conditions that complicate the local or Canadian point of view with the imperial; and Great Britain is more anxious than ever that the result of the negotiations should not prejudice improved relations. But though Lord Herschel was supposed to be a mediator rather than a negotiator, there is no proof that he modified Canadian demands, or in any respect was successful in giving them added weight with our Commissioners. This is the first time that Canada has practically had full control of her own case at Washington, and there can be no complaint by her on the score of British remissness, as in former negotiations. It is more than likely that she will not fail to improve the opportunity still open to her.

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Affairs in Paris

Events in Paris during the past week have demonstrated the essential weakness of the various centers of opposition to the existing government, and the strength of the new President, M. Loubet. In no city in the world do irresponsible people, without large following and with a turn for the dramatic, come so easily to the front and make so much noise as in Paris. M. Rochefort, M. Déroulède, and M. Millevoye are gentlemen with immense capacity for making scenes, but no capacity for effective leadership. Paris is cursed, moreover, with the worst press in the world. Our own sensational newspapers are vulgar, but they are not so indecent, vituperative, and insolently personal as the worst newspapers in Paris. If M. Loubet had been a criminal, he could not have been more shamefully treated than by what has been well called the "reptile" press. The President of the Criminal Division of the Court of Cassation not long ago, in stating the grounds of his selection of M. Bard as reporter in the re-examination of the Dreyfus case, declared that he chose him "because he was unmarried, and therefore less susceptible through wife and children to the invectives and threats of death uttered by certain organs of the press." Through this tide of brutal personal accusation, misrepresentation, menaces, and threats, M. Loubet has gone serenely on his way. There have been street disorders, attempts to organize mobs, and threats of revolution; but there has been also a massing of a considerable body of troops in Paris, and an evident intention on the part of the Government to stand no trifling with mobs and demagogues. M. Déroulède, who has made a ridiculous failure as a revolutionist, and whose sanity is suspected, has been placed under arrest; and the "Patriotic League," which at one time promised mischief, has fortunately become absurd in the eyes of Paris; and to become absurd in France is to lose all power either for good or evil.

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M. Loubet's Message M. Loubet's Message, which was read in the Chamber of Deputies, is a sensible, straightforward statement of the determination of the new President to obey the law, to preserve the peace, and to rule along lines of moderation. The President declares that, with entire devotion to the principles of the Revolution and of the régime of liberty, it will be his aim to continue the work of re-establishing and making lasting the union of all Republicans in France. He reaffirms the integrity of what he calls the essential organs of society—the Assembly, the courts, the Government, and the army; and he urges the union of all parties for the sake of securing higher unity and efficiency, and in this way developing the latent power of the French people. The new President has evidently made up his mind that it is time to draw the line between liberty and license, and to check the torrent of abuse, vituperation, and accusation which has swept like a wave over France during the last few years, and has left the reputation of almost no man untouched. In this endeavor he will have the support of all rational-minded men in France, and of the good-wishers and lovers of France outside that country. There are a large number of men who have no political convictions of any kind, and no policy save that of overturning whatever government is in power. These men come to the front in every crisis; and it is their irresponsible declamation and their attempts to stir up Paris which gives rise to the frequent prophecies of a revolution which does not come, and which is not likely to come.

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The Dreyfus Revision Bill On Monday of this week the bill passed by the French Chamber of Deputies transferring the jurisdiction in the question of the revision of the Dreyfus case came before the Senate, and was debated throughout the day's session. No vote was taken on that day. M. Lecomte and M. Beringer spoke eloquently against the proposition to take the question of revision from the criminal section of the Court of Cassation. "Peace can never be gained by debauching justice," said M. Lecomte, who finally characterized the bill as "an iniquitous experiment."

Rudyard Kipling

The world-wide interest, expressed in messages from all parts of the globe and comments in all the leading newspapers, evoked by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's critical illness in this city, is significant, not only of the great impression which Mr. Kipling has made upon this generation, but also of the place which the man of letters fills in the modern world. Mr. Kipling is only thirty-three years old. He has never held any official station, and in one sense he is a man in private life; and yet among peoples who speak the English language no man is better known, and, in a certain sense, no man has more distinctly won the place of a leader. It has been lately said that the race-consciousness of the English peoples has been developed not so much by English statesmen, however eminent, as by three English writers—Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Kipling—three poets, detached from the world of affairs, expressing themselves through the forms of art, and yet speaking to all men who use their language in tones which have invigorated the life of the whole race. The command of literary art in its highest form does not of itself give its possessor access to the life of a race; he must also possess that quality of divining the race-experience and expressing the race-spirit which makes him, not only an artist, but a representative and exponent of his people.

These two qualities Mr. Kipling has in uncommon degree. His work has shown great inequality in execution; he has sometimes dealt with motives and with materials which were neither attractive nor spiritually significant; but at his best he has also shown artistic power of a very high order; and he has revealed a kind of insight, Shakespearean almost in its quality, which has made him the spokesman of a people scattered over the whole face of the earth. He stands for some of the highest qualities of the English race; for its virility, its readiness to accept responsibilities, its tremendous energy, its faith in itself. In an age when pessimism has so widely prevailed, and has sapped the vitality of so many gifted men, Mr. Kipling has seen the dark facts of life with a vision as clear as that of any of his contemporaries. But he has not succumbed to the modern mood; he has

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risen above it, as the really great artist must always rise above it, to express the creative, original, and aggressive temper of a great race. Against calamity he has matched courage; against disaster he has set humor; in the midst of all the play of circumstances, and under the pressure of hard conditions, he has shown in a hundred forms the indomitable human spirit meeting its fate, living its life, and doing its work. There is something superb in his health; it has drawn the world to him because the world loves strength and knows that health is the normal condition, however widely disease may prevail.

Mr. Kipling has a passion for life. All human conditions, however hard, obscure, or even vulgar, move him profoundly. He has entered into human experience in its active forms with a deep and penetrating sympathy, and has shown man, the world over, meeting fate with a quiet determination, with a magnificent audacity, or with reckless humor. At a time when so many writers are purely derivative or imitative, he has reverted to those elemental passions and dealt with those primary interests which are the inspirations of great deeds and great art. There are no morbid notes in his work; there is no psychological analysis; there is no diseased introspection. To say this is to suggest some of his limitations; but it is also to throw into broad relief the man's essential strength. After all, the world loves a man more passionately than it loves anything that a man makes; and to be a man in the large sense of the word one must neither succumb to fate nor fall into lamentations because conditions are hard; one must spend his life with a kind of lavish improvidence; one must lead forlorn hopes, attempt audacious and all but impossible achievements. This ringing note in Mr. Kipling's verse and prose, and his first-hand knowledge of life, the pressure of original force in his work, have differentiated him from the great majority of the English writers of his time.

In his later work he has shown a sense of moral responsibility which is indicative of the growth of the man's soul and art through his experience. "The Recessional" touched the soul of England because it sent, like a flash, through all the splendid pageantry of the Jubilee, home to the consciousness of England the fact that there was great work to be done, great burdens to be borne, and the necessity of heroic, active living. In "The White Man's Burden" he struck again the same great note—the note of moral responsibility, the note of leadership based upon character. That there is a prophetic quality in the interpretation of the place of the English-speaking peoples in the world in this last poem is evident to all those who are in any touch with their time, or who have any vision of the future. One finds in these lines, as in Mr. Kipling's greatest work, the quality which made the best literature of the age of Elizabeth so powerful and so contagious. This deep vitality, expressing itself in broad human sympathies, in wide knowledge of human conditions, and in passionate faith in human endeavor, has made Mr. Kipling one of the original voices of his time.

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The Pope on Americanism

The letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Cardinal Gibbons on Americanism seems to us self-consistent and logical, if the premise be granted. This premise is quoted from the Decrees of the Vatican Council, and is as follows:

> For the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the spouse of Christ to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared. Hence that meaning of the sacred dogmas is perpetually to be retained which our Holy Mother the Church has once declared, nor is that meaning ever to be departed from under the pretense or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them.

On this foundation the whole of Pope Leo XIII.'s letter is built up. He holds that from the dogmas which the Church has proposed for belief there must be no variation either by omission, separation, or addition, and that no such variation has ever been permitted by the Church, "which has continued in one and the same doctrine, one and the same sense, and one and the same judgment." It is true that in "ways of life she has been accustomed to so yield that, the divine principle of morals being kept intact, she has never neglected to accommodate herself to the character and genius of the

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nations which she embraces;" but this spirit of accommodation allows no deviation from and no change in the doctrines and discipline of the Church. Whatever modern study has produced which helps toward the progress of learning and virtue may be accepted, yet none of this can be regarded as of any solid benefit except "on the condition of recognizing the wisdom and authority of the Church." It is true that the Holy Spirit still works in the world in the souls of the just, stirring them alike by warnings and impulses, but this working of the Holy Spirit is "for the most part felt through the medium of the aid and light of an external teaching and authority;" and the more earnestly men strive after perfection, the more liable are they to stray unless they have infallible guidance furnished by the Church. Immutability applies to living as well as to teaching. There are not some Christian virtues adapted to some times, and different ones to other times. It is not true that passive virtues found better place in the past and active virtues find a better place in the present. The monastic religious life is as valuable in our time as it ever was. It involves no loss of liberty; on the contrary, it confers "that fuller and freer kind, that liberty, namely, by which Christ hath made us free." "Nor should any difference of praise be made between those who follow the active state of life from those others who, charmed with solitude, give themselves to prayer and bodily mortification."

One important clause in the letter recognizes the possibility of variation within the Church of Rome, but this possibility applies neither to doctrine nor to discipline, and the clause seems to be added not so much to modify the previous declarations as to avoid any possible misunderstanding or misinterpretation of them. It is, however, so important that we quote it in full:

> From the foregoing it is manifest, beloved son, that we are not able to give approval to those views which, in their collective sense, are called by some "Americanism." But if by this name are to be understood certain endowments of mind which belong to the American people, just as other characteristics belong to various other nations, and if, moreover, by it is designated your political condition and the laws and customs by which you are governed, there is no reason to take exception to the name. But if this is to be so understood that the doctrines which have been adverted to above are not only indicated, but exalted, there can be no manner of doubt that our venerable brethren, the bishops of America, would be the first to repudiate and condemn it as being most injurious to themselves and to their country. For it would give rise to the suspicion that there are among you some who conceive and would have the Church in America to be different from what it is in the rest of the world.

How far Pope Leo XIII. has correctly interpreted Father Hecker's life, or those tendencies in the American Catholic Church of which he is supposed to have been the exponent, is a question which we do not here consider. We suspect, however, that few if any American prelates would have any objection to the declarations of this letter concerning the immobility of doctrine and discipline in the Roman Catholic Church, and that most of them would find in the closing paragraph, concerning the adaptability of the Church in the matter of methods, all the liberty they have asked for themselves. But the larger question, Does Pope Leo XIII. correctly interpret the religion of Jesus Christ as it is embodied in his life and teachings contained in the four Gospels? concerns the Universal Church. The Outlook does not believe that he does. We recognize the self-consistent attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, but not that this attitude is consistent with the liberty wherewith Christ makes free. Nevertheless we are glad to have it stated with such explicitness, for it will help clear thinking. For between the position that religious faith is a dogma once for all delivered to the saints, and either transcribed in an infallible Bible or committed to the custody of an infallible Church, and the position that every man is a child of God, may have direct communion with God, and may learn for himself by that communion what the will of God is, that no dogma can possibly state spiritual truth in a permanent form, that philosophical definitions of spiritual life must change with changing philosophy, as the language in which they are expressed changes with changes in language and literature, that truth is more than dogma and life is more than discipline, that neither truth nor life has been or can be ossified in a written record or a traditional ecclesiastical decree, that, in a word, the kingdom of God is like a seed planted in

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the ground, which grows, men know not how, and that when it ceases to grow it ceases to live, and therefore ceases to be the kingdom of God—between these two attitudes there appears to us to be no middle ground. The Roman Catholic Church is the self-consistent exponent of an infallible, unchangeable dogma, an immobile, unalterable life. Protestantism will never be self-consistent until it stands with equal courage for the opposite doctrine—adaptability of religious institutions to changing circumstances, the mobility of religious life as a perpetual growth, and the continual change of dogmatic definitions, always inadequate to express the ever-enlarging spiritual life of the individual and of the race.

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A Chapter in the History of the Philippines

The February number of the "Review of Reviews" contains an interesting sketch of Aguinaldo. It is strongly sympathetic with, not to say eulogistic of, the Philippine leader. It is clearly written by some one who has familiarity with him and with his recent history. It is from this article that we draw the facts stated in the next paragraph.

In the latter part of the '80s, to make good a deficiency in the revenues, a system of enforced labor was organized by Spain for the purpose of securing the payment of taxes. Its practical result was a form of slavery. The Church shared in the scheme with the State, under a law by which the Government, on application of the Church, could donate to it certain days of forced labor on the part of non-taxpayers. Requests for such forced labor were promptly made and promptly complied with. The resultant system of slavery led to a vigorous and efficient insurrection, in which Aguinaldo took a leading part. The Spanish forces were unable to cope with the revolution, and tried chicanery and bribery where arms failed. A proposition was made that if the revolutionaries would lay down their arms and return to their homes, and the leaders would leave the country, the Government would pay to the revolutionaries the sum of a million dollars, would grant a general amnesty, and would concede all the reforms which the revolutionaries had demanded. These included the abolition of forced labor, depriving the friars of the right to torture, try, and arrest citizens, the reduction of the taxes upon the peasant farmers, the registration of the estates taxed by the State as belonging to the occupants and claimed by the Church as an owner entitled to rent, the simplification of legal processes, and the recognition of the right to immediate hearing and trial after arrest. Aguinaldo favored the acceptance of these terms. They were accepted, the revolutionaries disbanded and went to their homes, and the leaders left the country. The Spanish Government raised a million dollars by taxation, stole seven hundred thousand and paid three hundred thousand to the leaders, and instituted none of the reforms which they had promised. It was this failure of the Spanish Government to carry out its solemn agreement which led Aguinaldo to take advantage of the Spanish-American war to re-institute revolution.

Assuming this account to be true—and it certainly is not unfavorable to Aguinaldo—it indicates that he could have obtained through the American Government peacefully all the reforms which he endeavored to wring from the Spanish Government by force. "Hardly one of these reforms," says the writer of the article, "has any meaning in the civilized countries of the present day. They are directed at feudal and ecclesiastical customs and laws which were abolished one and even two centuries ago in Europe, but which have been intact in the Philippines." It is certain that under any American Government every one of these reforms would have been granted as a matter of course. Slavery would not have been maintained as a means of collecting taxes; denunciation of slavery would not have been punished as blasphemy; the accused would not have been arrested, tortured, imprisoned, and executed without trial; the Church would not have been allowed to collect rent for land upon the pretext that it belonged to them, under an ancient charter of which there is no record, when the State was taxing the people themselves for the same land under the claim that they were themselves the owners of it. All that Aguinaldo and his army sought by

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revolution would have come to them as a matter of course under any American administration. If the present attack upon the American Government is to be justified, it must be, not on the ground on which the original revolution is justified, but on some other.

The news reports from the Philippines certainly do not indicate either will or capacity on the part of Aguinaldo's followers to furnish such protection. We have on the one hand an official despatch from General Otis, declaring that the so-called insurgent government at Malolos ordered a general assassination of non-Filipinos, not different in spirit from that attempted in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and, on the other hand, a semi-official declaration that the inhabitants of one of the Philippine Islands have voluntarily hoisted the American flag and asked protection of American soldiers from Aguinaldo's forces, saying: "We put ourselves unreservedly in the hands of the Americans. We trust them to establish a form of government suitable to the island." These two incidents apparently indicate that there is no true guaranty of law and order in the so-called Aguinaldo government, and also that there is no unanimity of desire on the part of the inhabitants of the Philippines for independence under an Aguinaldo administration.

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The Ideal in the Actual

The "pattern in the mount" was the Hebrew phrase for the sublime conception of life which the Greek found in Plato's philosophy; the conception which makes all mortal things symbols of immortal ideas, and the whole material creation the sign and disclosure of a spiritual order. This is the open secret of all the great prophetic and creative spirits; this is the spring whence has flowed that stream of poetry which has so often refreshed the soul of the race; this is the source of that hope and courage which have made the teachers in every generation willing to endure hardship and bear the sorrows of misunderstanding and rejection if to a few they might give assurance of the reality of the Unseen and the power of the Invisible. The type may be as crude and clumsy as were the first wooden pieces of Faust and Gutenberg, but if the thought be deep and great the imperfection of the medium through which it finds its way to the mind is of small account; the conditions in which we pass this mortal life may be hard and uncongenial, but if they convey spiritual truths to us, and make us aware of spiritual realities, it were cowardly to complain and ignorant to rebel. The wise traveler, to whom the great scenery or the great art of the world is accessible, does not waste his time on the discomforts of travel nor allow his thoughts to dwell on the shortcomings of his inn. The measure of a man's soul is his ability to disregard the hindrances and concentrate his energy on the achievement; to put aside the accidents of a relation, a work, an opportunity, and grasp the reality. If there is, as a wise poet has told us, a soul of goodness in things evil, there is much more certainly a soul of beauty within the form of all relations and duties and works; and he who is able to carry all his relationships, duties, and work to the mount where the patterns are, to the light of the spiritual order where these mortal things instantly put on immortality, has read the open secret and pierced the mystery of life.

This is idealism pure and simple; and this statement of the habit of all men of insight, imagination, and devotion shows how completely idealism is woven into the very fabric of daily living. It is often spoken of as if it were visionary and unreal; a beautiful mirage which the imagination creates for its comfort along the hard horizon lines of experience; an illusion to which the poetic temperament becomes a willing victim. It is, as a matter of fact, "human nature's daily food;" that aspect of the order of life which makes it intelligible and endurable; that great and inspiring fact which makes it possible for us to live and move and have our being. If this irradiation of the facts of existence by spiritual ideas were suddenly withdrawn, the race would sink in despair; for while we work with, and too often for, the material, we live in the spiritual. If this soul of life took its flight, the body of life—its works, ways, tendencies, relations—would turn to foul corruption. Where idealism vanishes from the home, and parents cherish their chil-

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dren for their wages, and children care for their parents for the sake of protection, there is no longer a family; there is simply a collection of greedy, heartless human beings feeding upon each other. When the man cares for the woman because she makes him comfortable, and the woman lives with the man because he supplies her needs, marriage becomes degrading. When the citizen sees in his country only an organized opportunity to make and keep money, patriotism becomes "the last refuge of a scoundrel;" when the church is used for social or commercial advantage, hypocrisy puts on its vilest disguise; when man courts his fellow for the profit he can make out of the acquaintance, the sweetest relationship becomes mere bartering. It is the soul in a man which keeps his body from corruption; when the soul passes, the garment it wore must be put out of sight. It is the soul in relationship and work which keeps them from corruption; when the soul goes out of them, they instantly turn to vileness and decay. It is the soul of the man recognizing and dealing with the soul of relations, works, and things which keeps life clean and pure; and this is idealism.

Our spiritual progress is to be measured by the clearness with which we discern the ideal in our relationships and work, and the completeness with which we address ourselves to them. Growth in any kind of work is conditioned on fidelity to an advancing ideal; or, to be more exact, upon increasing clearness of discernment of an ideal. This is the secret of that divine discontent which drives the thinker, the teacher, and the artist steadily on into fresh labors, new undertakings, and larger responsibilities. From the thoughts of such mere idleness of life completely vanishes; to make achievement a ground of ease, as men make the amassing of a fortune an occasion of retiring from activity, does not occur to them. Achievement, to such spirits, means occasion for more exacting work and opportunity for more patient fitting of means and skill to finer ends. Those who interpret this inability to rest in work accomplished as an expression of mere restlessness of spirit, misread the very nature of man and misinterpret the significance of the world. If the earth and the things it offers were simply for the using of the body, and had no ministry for the spirit, these blind leaders of the blind would be wise leaders; for in a world which existed only in and for the senses, and perished with the perishing of the senses, it would be idle "to strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield." But Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Chaucer, saw the splendor of meaning that plays over the visible world; knew that "a tree had another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth than for tillage and roads: that these things bore a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts, and conveying in all their natural history a certain mute commentary on human life." The man dies within us when we are willing to accept ease instead of growth and pleasure instead of truth. Because everything a man touches discloses the presence of an idea within its structure, therefore he only is wise who in touching things cannot rest until he reaches the ideas behind them. Thus the world becomes a great wonderland through which the wise are glad to travel, though often weary and footsore, for the sake of that knowledge which feeds the mind and that wisdom which nourishes and enriches the spirit. And this is the joy of work: that as one does it with fidelity its soul becomes clearer, and one must shape the body with ever-increasing skill and love to contain and reveal the soul. The artists know the sorrow and the joy of this immortal hunger to give the soul form without concealing it. This it is which makes life one long, eager pursuit, one long, passionate labor.

If this is true of work, it is still more true of relationships. The tie that binds two human beings together must unite their spirits if it is not to corrupt or weaken them; and our relations with one another are helpful and beautiful and enduring in the exact degree in which they contain and disclose the ideal. If we understood this great law of life, there would be fewer shattered homes and broken friendships. In the stress of daily life and under its strain we need constant and clear recognition of the spiritual qualities of the ties that hold us together in home and friendship. The beauty of the

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relationship between the man and the woman has been touched a thousand times in art, but it has never been revealed; it is known only to those who share in its possession. When the relationship is a constant opportunity for courtesy, thoughtfulness, tenderness, and that unconscious expression of reverence which is an instinctive recognition of the divine in the human, it evokes the deepest beauty in character and creates a hunger for spiritual perfection which in turn gives the relationship increasing depth and more inclusive range and influence. Secret and sacred places lie in the way of such a recognition of a human relationship that its responsibilities are lightened by perfect comprehension, its contact with material work and duty irradiated by steady recognition of spiritual opportunity, and its daily experience touched with that tenderness which, like a warm sun, evokes the shyest and most delicate growths of love out of the places where they hide in the depths of the soul. And who that has a friend of the spirit does not know the joy of that mutual recognition of the ideal which binds men together for all service and truth and growth? There is a friendship which counts what it gives and what it gets; and there is a friendship which, in the unlocking of perfect trust, surrenders itself in absolute candor, consciousness, and spiritual rectitude; which has the courage of love, the endurance of love, and the patience of love. This is the fruit of the perfect union of the actual with that ideal which is the only reality.

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A Lenten Thought

There is one aspect of the Lenten season which is often overlooked, and that is the universality of its appeal to the experience of all men and women. The highest reaches of character and achievement lie outside the intelligence of some men, beyond the sympathy of others, and above the aspiration of a multitude. There are heights to which a good many look with a painful consciousness that they can never climb them, and with profound admiration for the figures who are slowly or swiftly mounting. There are also a great multitude who, if they ever look up at the heights, are practically indifferent to their invitations to the imagination, and to the greatness of the toil and discipline of which they are the witnesses. But the consciousness of failure, weakness, and sinfulness is universal; it is shared by all who have any touch of conscience or any knowledge of self. Only a few, relatively, have the gift of vision; all men have the sense of unworthiness. To be without that sense is to be without any touch of the higher intelligence. Even the basest men, if they are not physical degenerates, have moments of remorse; the most careless have hours of regret and of feeble resolution; the most reckless have at times the sense of responsibility.

The Lenten season, therefore, with its emphasis on the temptations, the weakness, and the sinfulness of the race, appeals not only to the few who achieve and are victorious in the moral struggles of life, but to the whole race. It brings into clear relief the universal condition of men; it unites the highest and the lowest in a common consciousness of failure and need; and for the best, as for the worst, this consciousness is essential to any true judgment of self and any real insight into life. No man or woman ever becomes absolutely safe in this world. There is never a time when one can trust to one's moral accumulation and cease one's moral activity. So long as life remains there is the danger of slipping back from the moral vantage-ground which has been won, or losing the moral quality which has been secured; and this consciousness of the community of sin, which the highest and the lowest share alike, must awaken in all sensitive minds a profounder sympathy with the race. Nothing can appeal to a high-minded man or woman more deeply than a human soul indifferent to its own possibilities and blind to its own fate. The worst penalty of sin is not a punishment inflicted from without; it is the deterioration of the nature, the loss of spiritual vision, the decline in force and vitality. No man can see this without a profound sense of the tragedy of life, and a deep impulse to help, if any help be possible. One fruit of the Lenten season ought to be, therefore, a deeper and more passionate desire to work with and for our fellows.

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THE REGENERATION OF CUBA

BY GEORGE KENNAN[1]

I.

Santiago de Cuba Revisited

HAVING recovered from the attack of malarial fever that compelled me to leave Cuba in August, and having regained, in a measure, my strength and buoyancy, I sailed from New York on the Ward Line steamer Seneca, for the city of Santiago, with a commission from The Outlook to make a more careful and thorough study of Cuba and the Cuban people than it was possible for me to make during or immediately after the Santiago campaign. It is my purpose, in this and subsequent letters, to give the results of my observations and inquiries. The point of view from which I shall write is that of an impartial and dispassionate observer. I have no commercial or political interests to promote, no friendships or affiliations that would influence or impair my judgment, and, I think, no disabling prejudices or preconceptions. I may fall into errors, but I shall try to describe things as I see them; and my only object is to furnish, if I can, information that shall be of service in solving some of the difficult social, political, and administrative problems set before the Government and the people of the United States as a result of the late war.

The steamer Seneca sailed from Pier 16, East River, at four o'clock Thursday afternoon; and as soon as we had gotten fairly out into the stream, and the passengers had ceased to wave handkerchiefs at their friends and acquaintances on the dock, I walked through the main saloon and around the decks to take a look at the men and women with whom I should be associated for the next eight days, and see how many of them promised, upon inspection, to be interesting and companionable. They numbered fifty or sixty in all, and a more heterogeneous and cosmopolitan ship's company it would be hard to find. In the seven or eight different nationalities represented there were artists, invalids, and pleasure-seekers going to the Bahamas for the winter; army officers on furlough returning to their commands in Cuba or Porto Rico; metallurgists and mechanics on their way to the Juragua and Spanish-American iron-mines; chefs and head waiters for Flagler's new hotel at Nassau; superintendents or overseers of sugar and coffee plantations going back to the places from which they had been driven by the war; and a large number of investors, promoters, speculators, and adventurers generally, from all parts of the world, who were evidently hoping to find, in the reviving industries and undeveloped resources of Cuba, a profitable field for the employment of their talents or their capital. I saw no one whom I knew except Mr. Winslow Homer, the artist, who was going to Nassau for the winter, and Mr. J. K. Elwell, of Miss Clara's Barton's staff, whom I had met on the steamer State of Texas, and with whom I had been associated in Red Cross work during the Santiago campaign.

The weather, for the first two days after we left New York, was clear but very cold; and as the Seneca was not provided with adequate facilities for heating the smoking-room or cabins, passengers who had been thoughtful and provident enough to bring overcoats wore them all the time except when they were in bed, and even then threw them over their berths in lieu of the extra blankets which were needed but not furnished. Persons going to Cuba or Porto Rico in winter, or early in the spring, should provide themselves with old but warm outer wraps which they can afford to throw or give away at the end of the voyage. An ulster is useless, of course,

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in the tropics, at any season of the year; but it adds greatly to one's comfort between Sandy Hook and Cape Hatteras in the month of December, and if it be an old one it may be dropped overboard when the steamer reaches the latitude of Nassau, or given, at Santiago, to some one who is northward bound.

We passed the Diamond Shoal light-ship off Cape Hatteras about seven o'clock Saturday morning, and an hour or two later we crossed the western edge of the Gulf Stream, which at that point was clearly and sharply defined by the filmy wreaths of vapor condensed above the warm water by the cold northerly breeze. On Sunday we had a moderate gale from the northwest, with a high following sea, but the wind went down with the sun, and when we anchored off Nassau Monday morning the water was smooth and the weather clear and hot. We lay at Nassau about twenty hours, discharging cargo into lighters, and sailed some time in the night for Guantanamo Bay. When I awoke Tuesday morning, we were out of sight of land on a foam-crested sea of deep ultramarine blue, streaked with long, sinuous, wind-garnered lines of orange gulf-weed, over which schools of silvery flying-fish skipped and sailed, now and then, on filmy extended wings, as they escaped through the air from the pursuit of unseen enemies below.

Wednesday afternoon we caught sight of the high blue mountains of eastern Cuba, and at seven o'clock that evening we rounded Cape Maysi and turned westward along the southern coast of the island. The night was dark but clear; the air was as soft and warm as in midsummer; and the gentle land-breeze brought to us, across two or three leagues of water, the faint fragrance of tropical flowers blossoming in unknown glens and valleys among the wild "cuchillas" or "knife-edged mountains" of Baracoa.

At daybreak on the following morning we took a negro pilot off the entrance to Guantanamo Bay, steamed in past the now abandoned camp of the marines on the hill back of Fisherman's Point, and finally anchored in the upper harbor opposite the wretched little village of Caimanera, which serves as a seaport for the inland town of Santa Catalina de Guantanamo, and is connected with the latter by twelve or fourteen miles of railroad.

At Caimanera we were to discharge a large quantity of cargo; and as our steamer drew so much water that she could not lie at the pier, we had to unload into big lighters, which, when full, were towed ashore by small sailboats. I was surprised to see such an amount and such a varied assortment of merchandise landed at Caimanera, for a town as unimportant—not to say insignificant—as I then supposed Guantanamo to be. If I had been asked, in advance, to guess how much stuff the Seneca would leave there, I should have said twenty-five to fifty tons; but, as a matter of fact, we put into those lighters two hundred and seventy-five tons, and the work occupied nearly thirty hours. Some of our passengers availed themselves of the opportunity to make an excursion to the town of Guantanamo by rail, and when they returned, late in the afternoon, they were accompanied by Mr. Theodore Brooks, of the well-known and long-established Anglo-Cuban firm of Brooks & Co., and by Colonel P. H. Ray, of the Third U. S. Volunteers, who was acting as Governor of the Guantanamo district. I had not seen Colonel Ray before in many years, and when I last heard of him he was in arctic Alaska. I was therefore as much surprised as I was delighted to meet him suddenly and unexpectedly at Caimanera. He had marched eleven hundred miles up the valley of the Yukon in winter and crossed the Chilkoot Pass in order to reach the United States in time to take part in the war; but his regiment had not been ordered to Cuba until after the close of the Santiago campaign. Although he had come directly from the arctic regions to the tropics, and had been in the province of Santiago through the worst part of the rainy season, he seemed to be in excellent health, and told me that he had not been ill a day.

As an illustration of the fact that in Cuba, just at this time, may be found men who have come from, or lived in, the wildest and most remote parts of the globe, it may be worth while to say that in the smoking-room of the Seneca at Caimanera, after the arrival of Mr. Brooks and Colonel Ray, there were officers and civilians who had lived or traveled in Alaska, Siberia, India, China, Japan, Siam, Africa, Turkey, Armenia, Mongolia, Manchuria, Mexico, Honduras, South America, the Caucasus,

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and the Malay Archipelago. There were three of us who had been in Siberia, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hooton and I had crossed it from the Pacific Ocean to St. Petersburg.

The Cuban stevedores worked all night at the cargo that was to be landed in Caimanera, but it was almost noon the next day before the last packages and boxes were put into the lighters and the Seneca steamed out of the harbor. After a westward run of three or four hours along the picturesque mountainous coast, past Daiquiri, Siboney, Aguadores, and all the places that became so familiar to me during the campaign, we entered the narrow mouth of Santiago Harbor about three o'clock, took off our hats to the Stars and Stripes floating over the grim battlements of Morro Castle, and steamed swiftly in, past Cayo Smith, Punta Gorda, and the quarantine station, to the city.

At first glance it seemed to me that there had been absolutely no change in Santiago and its environment since I saw them last. The high, bare hills north of the bay were perhaps a little browner, and there were no masses of scarlet flowers to light up the darker green of the ceiba and mango trees and the cocoanut palms; but the country house of the late Mr. Ramsden,[1] near the Juragua pier, was still half-hidden in perennial foliage, just as I remembered it; the gaps left by the faded flowers of the scarlet *flamboyant* trees were more than filled by the equally splendid and showy blossoms of the Bougainvillia; the heat of the sun was almost, if not quite, as great as in August; the thermometer indicated eighty-seven degrees in the shade of my stateroom; and just as we passed Punta Gorda one of the sudden, blinding showers of the "rainy season" deluged our decks with water and made the smooth surface of the bay look as if it were studded with millions of silver-headed nails. In the foliage, the flowers, the temperature, and the weather there was absolutely nothing to indicate that Santiago in midwinter differed in the slightest degree from Santiago in midsummer. Indeed, when the steamer came to anchor, and Mr. Elwell and I landed at the custom-house wharf and walked up Jaguey Street to the Anglo-American Club, I felt as if my recent impressions of New York, Nova Scotia, and the Adirondacks were merely recollections of a vivid dream, and as if I were taking up my normal Santiago life again exactly where I left it that hot, sunny morning in August when I walked feebly down to the pier in a paroxysm of fever, was put on board the steamship Philadelphia, and dreamed that I went home.

Strong—in fact, almost overwhelming—as this impression was at first, it yielded gradually to the many and multiform evidences of change and progress that were presented to me in the course of the next three or four days. The streets through which I passed were the same that I had traversed—as it seemed to me—only a day or two before, but they had suddenly become neat and clean. There were no emaciated pariah dogs nosing about heaps of rotting garbage beside the curbstones; no streams of dirty, foul-smelling water trickling out of house-drains and running down the filth-clogged gutters; no little piles of human excrement on the sidewalks, and no stenches of decomposition even in the narrowest and least frequented alleys. The Christina Boulevard along the water front was as free from dirt and litter as any street in New York; the great central market on Marina Street, which I remembered as a foul, sickening pesthole, had become as fresh and neat a place as Center Market in Washington; the Calle de la Marina had been newly paved from the bay to the plaza, and a gang of men was at work repaving Enramadas; a fine new boulevard with a hard macadamized surface encircled the city on its eastern side, with excellent branch roads leading to Caney and San Juan Hill; and there was a new road in process of construction to Morro Castle.

But it was not in the streets, roads, and markets alone that American influence, energy, and intelligence were apparent. The city had an American bank, a meteorological station, two American express companies, and a free postal delivery system, with drop boxes for letters in almost every street; it had mail communication two or three times a week with Guantanamo, San Luis, Holguin, Gibara, Sagua, Manzanillo, Baracoa, and ten other villages and towns within the limits of the province; it was fairly well lighted at night, and was patrolled by a neatly uni-

[1] Now occupied by General Wood.

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formed police force, armed with machetes and clubs, and life and property were as safe in it as in any city of equal size in the United States.

Hundreds of shops and stores that had been closed and barred when I last saw the city were open and full of customers; the stocks of goods offered for sale were extensive and varied; the markets were well supplied with fish and meats, as well as with fresh fruits and vegetables from gardens and truck farms that were not in existence six months ago; and the whole city, in its commercial aspect, had an air of prosperity that, in July, I did not believe it ever would or could have.

I was greatly interested in seeing how rapidly the town is becoming Americanized. American hotels and restaurants bearing such names as the "Luttrell House," the "United States Hotel," the "American and French Hotel," the "Arizona Saloon," the "California Saloon," and the "Chicago Restaurant" are now to be found in all parts of the city; and the proprietors even of Cuban and Spanish cafés invite American patronage by means of rudely painted signboards setting forth in quaint English the merits of the food, drink, or entertainment to be found therein. Among such signs that I noted in the course of a day's walk about the city were:

"SVVET MEALS."
"Everything is here for sail."
"Hot lounches at oll houres."
"Customers treated kindly and quinky."

I was strongly tempted to stop and ascertain, by personal experiment, how it would feel to be treated "kindly and quinky," but just at that moment a ragged Cuban bootblack shouted at me, "Shine? Shine 'em up?" and I was so paralyzed with astonishment that I forgot all about the "quinky" treatment, and imagined for an instant that I was on a Christopher Street ferryboat bound for "all the Oranges." How these little Santiago street arabs have acquired precisely the words, voice, tone, and pronunciation of the ferryboat bootblacks in New York I don't know; but they have. Many of them can also count in English, and, I am sorry to say, swear fluently in the same language. Half the street-boys in the city can whistle our bugle-calls, "After the Ball," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," and I once heard one of them singing cheerfully to himself in English:

One——two——three,
The Cubans must be free.
Four——five——six,
The Spaniards we must licks.
There'll be a hot time!
In the old town!
To-night!

I presume that the street-boys here, as in other garrison towns of the province, have learned their English and their music from our soldiers. Boys everywhere and in all countries are attracted by military ceremonies and parades, and scores if not hundreds of them assemble every afternoon at the barracks on the eastern edge of the city to see the men of the Fifth Infantry drill. The soldiers, when off duty, amuse themselves by teaching the boys a few words of English; and the boys, who are naturally quick and bright, pick up for themselves the bugle-calls and the airs played by the band. Of course they have learned incidentally, through imitation, a good many other things; some of them useful and others very prejudicial to good order and good morals. Among the useful things that they have learned is respect for the flag, and, in a dim, half-understood way, perhaps, respect for the ideas and principles that it suggests or symbolizes.

I happened, a night or two ago, just before sunset, to be standing on the edge of the parade-ground in front of the Fifth Infantry barracks when "Retreat" was sounded and the National colors were slowly lowered to the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner." A large number of dirty, ragged street-urchins of all ages, sizes, and complexions had assembled to watch the drill and the dress parade. The instant that the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the flag began to descend slowly from its staff, every boy who wore a hat or a cap promptly took it off and stood bareheaded in respectful silence until the ceremony ended. I don't know what they thought, nor how much they understood; but I am told that they began this practice months ago, of their own accord, when they first noticed that American bystanders followed it, and that they have strictly observed the custom ever since.

There can be no doubt, I think, that

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American customs, American ideas, and American methods are beginning already to influence not only the boys but the men and women of this city. In dress, in social habits, in commercial transactions, and in a growing regard for neatness and cleanliness, one sees everywhere the slow but sure working of the leaven of civilization and enlightenment.

Four or five months ago, when an army officer had occasion to buy anything, on government account, from a native merchant, the latter felt no hesitation in offering to make out the bill for double the real value of the purchase—that is, for twice the amount actually paid—so that the officer might use the fraudulent bill as a voucher and put into his own pocket as much money as he had given in exchange for the merchandise. Such "deals" were of daily occurrence under the Spanish régime, but they are never proposed or suggested to a government official now.

Four or five months ago young Cuban women of the better class wore a distinctively Cuban dress, and rarely went anywhere out-of-doors without a chaperon or an attendant. Now they are beginning to put on American shirt-waists and sailor hats of straw, to walk about the streets alone, and even to accept the escort of an American officer and dispense with a chaperon altogether.

In August last any citizen of Santiago might dump a load of filth or of rotten garbage into the street in front of his house, and nobody ever thought of objecting or protesting. Now, if that sort of thing is done or attempted, an outcry is immediately raised by the aggrieved and indignant neighbors, and a complaint is promptly lodged with Major Barbour, the chief of the street-cleaning department.

One year ago, under the Spanish régime, there was not a public school-house in the city—that is, a building originally intended for educational purposes—nor was there anything like a system of free public instruction. Now there are seventeen elementary and grammar schools and a high school, with an average number of 1,922 pupils, and the private houses rented for temporary use as school buildings are wholly inadequate to accommodate the number of children who have applied for admission. Major Baccardi, who is ex-officio President of the Board of Public Instruction, has just recommended that thirty more schools, with accommodations for 1,500 more scholars, be established within the limits of the municipality, as soon as there is money available.

Even in the field of moral and religious training there are indications of changes and new influences which may yet profoundly affect the life and habits of this community. Two or three nights ago, as I was strolling up Enramadas Street, on my way to the plaza, my attention was attracted to a large private house from whose open doors and windows came the blended voices of two or three hundred people singing the familiar Sunday-school hymn, "What a Friend we have in Jesus!" Upon crossing the street and making an investigation, I discovered that the music came from a mission church which had been established here by the Southern Board of Foreign Missions, as long ago as September, 1898, under the direction and pastorate of the Rev. Jose R. O'Halloran. The parlors of the house, which had a seating capacity of about two hundred and fifty, were filled to overflowing by a congregation of neatly dressed men, women, and children, and there were groups of interested listeners around the doors and on the opposite side of the narrow street.

At the close of the service, when I was able to make further inquiries, I learned that there was not room in the house for half the people who wished to attend; that the church had received 140 members by baptism since the 30th of September; that it supported a Sunday-school with 146 and a free day-school with 148 pupils; and that its work might be greatly extended if a larger building could be found.

So far as I know, this is the first and only mission church established by a Protestant denomination in this province; and the Southern Baptist Board deserves great credit for its quickness in seeing and its promptness in occupying a field where so much good may be done. All that I have seen of the Roman Catholic Church in eastern Cuba, and of the generally apathetic attitude of the population—particularly the men—toward it, leads me to believe that the Protestant Churches of the United States are destined to play an important part in the moral training and enlightenment of this people.

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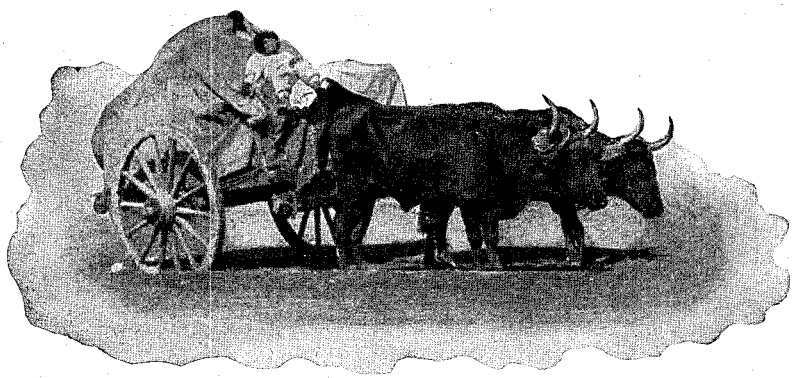

A SIESTA AT NOON

Byways in Porto Rico

By Anne Rhodes

THROUGH the narrow channel of the harbor of San Juan, Porto Rico, lies the way to a land of the Middle Ages. The narrow channel is made more narrow by wrecks of ships sunk by its erstwhile guardians, as many times before in its history wrecks have been sunk to protect the one waterway to the capital. Through this difficult way, slipping by beneath the bastions of the grand old Morro, we pass into the sunlight of tropical abundance and the shadows of a neglected people.

Since a recent return from this island of picturesque charm and pathos, it has been my curious experience to be asked continually, What are our people doing down there? Only once have I been asked, Tell us of the people there. So that it has not been necessary to look far for the reasons for the distorted and visionary views of the country and its possibilities, which are driving mistaken men and women by scores to seek their fortunes in a country hungering for capital, not for workers, where, because of its poverty, life is a makeshift, and the avenues to employment are blocked by an already over-abundant working population.

San Juan, a beautiful city, from the waters of its broad and placid harbor slopes upward gently to its twin guardians, the forts crowning its furthermost heights, El Morro and San Cristobal. Through its thirteen streets drift ceaselessly the thirty thousand inhabitants which form its labor class. Happy in the careless ease of life, childlike, and ignorant of what they lack, they are content, dream and idle away the days for which so little labor will suffice to provide, and at night huddle into the crowded rooms and *patios*, into the filthy alleyways and basements, which are their homes. Over their heads live those of gentler birth; for in this city there is no division of locality, no portion set aside for rich or poor. To live below is to be of the people, to live above marks a distinction. To reach these upper stories where men and women of refinement are content to dwell, it is necessary to pass through the motley crowd below, stepping over multi-colored naked babies, and bearing with the dirt and noise as best one may. Sometimes the way to the ascending stair lies through the *patio* or open court, the heart of every dwelling. Here, in truth, exist the poor. It is their parlor, kitchen, living-room. Through it flows, perhaps, an open drain, too convenient to be unused; and from it rise the fumes of cooking, savors without substance, mingling with the other fumes, into the windows and open balconies of the living-rooms above. And the women chatter in their Spanish patois, and sing, as they work a little, always ready to stop and stare at the passer-by, or dawdle through long hours in doorways or upon the curbs, smoking, sometimes *cigarillos*, sometimes cigars, placidly content, asking no more than that the sun may shine

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and they have pennies always for rice and bread, and a bit of calico now and then, without caring very much how the pennies come. In the market in the early morning they meet, and learn the gossip of the day, as, filling their small needs, they move about among the fruit and vegetables spread upon the ground in company with chickens, babies, ponies, bullock-carts, all gathered in the hollow square out near the Morro, in the easy conglomerateness so dear to the Porto Rican soul.

And the men? They, too, gossip in the market and dawdle on the curb, and work a little when they may—for there are many workers and so little labor—earning little, but needing little. And this is the brighter side. Underneath lies mental, moral, and physical disease, with shallow lives and ignorance. What would you? There are no marriage laws; marriage even is not a custom. The little ones run naked through the streets, robbed early of all delicacy, modesty stillborn; grown older, who is to teach them the error of their ways? Unwilling to credit the first understanding of their lives, I spoke to many mothers:

"Is this your little one, your *pequenito?*"

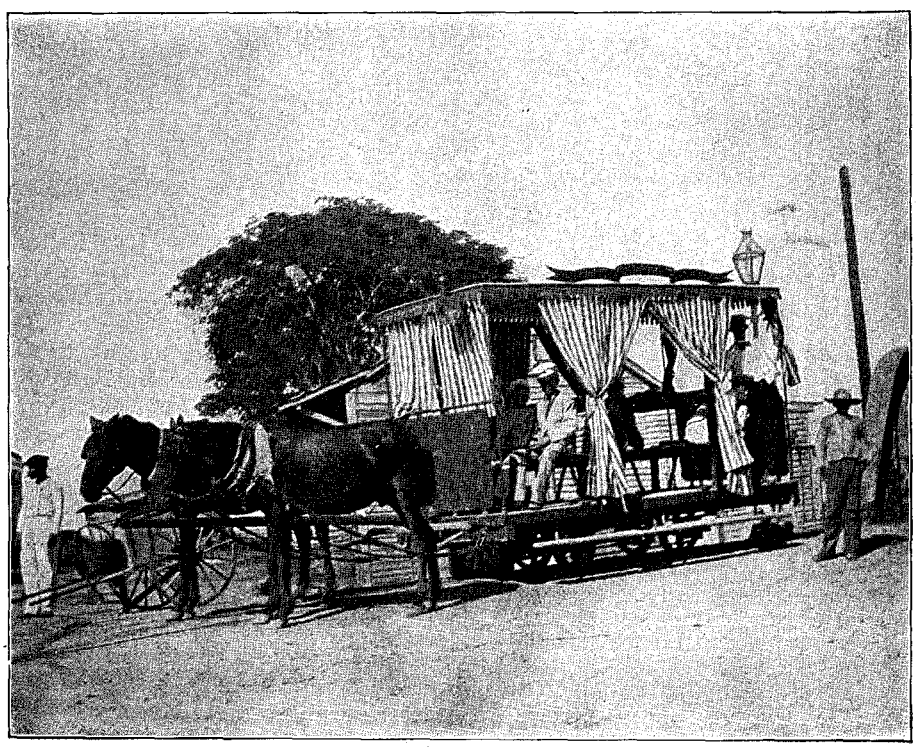
"Si, señorita."

"Where is your man, his father?"

"Per Dios! Señorita, quien sabe?"

Varied in form, this was the substance of many of the replies. What wonder that consumption and kindred diseases claim many young, and insanity as many more? And yet at heart they are not evil, but in their way sincere and honest. They gathered up the baggage of our soldiers, thrown down by the way in the heat and stress of march, as in Cuba, and they carried it safe to the camps on their ponies and in their bullock-carts, as was not done in Cuba.

Through the crowded patio and up the broad stair leads into the dwelling overhead. Here are large, spacious rooms and lofty ceilings; huge windows reaching to the floor, the wooden shutters wide open, inviting every passing breeze, as there is no glass to bar the way. Bare floors. Clean? Perhaps. They are of broad, unlovely boards, unoiled, unfinished, like an old-time kitchen floor. In the center are a little rug, picturing a peacock, dog, or setting sun, a table, and scattered groups



THE ONLY TRAMWAY IN PORTO RICO. AT MAYAGUEZ

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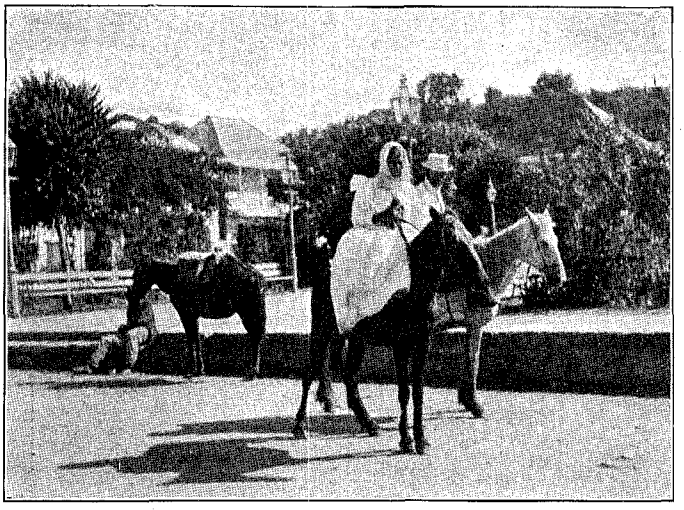
of bent-wood chairs and benches. All is inornate, and little like a home. On the walls are monstrosities, and pendent from the ceiling tawdry chandeliers of glass



A BRIDAL PARTY. MAYAGUEZ

drops in fantastic forms. In the *sala principal* life is dawdled away, perhaps with work on a bit of embroidery or linen lace; long, idle hours are spent on the balcony, whose railing so well holds a pair or two of elbows that their owner,

A TYPICAL CORNER. SAN JUAN

at ease, may watch the passers in the street below. For pretty señoritas must not mingle with the crowd, or try their eyes, but sit at ease, and keep soft hands, and idle as Spanish ladies should. Books? Oh, no! Why should a woman read! And who may read in a land where books are rare? The mother, plump señora, has grown old before her time; the little ones, in the seclusion of their home, are cleaner, but as naked as the browner little ones below. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. There are those of quicker blood, slim in type and active, full of energy and industry, but they are few. An American of unskilled tongue said not long ago that if the señoritas, while they were young, would stay in from their balconies and educate their minds, they might improve their race. His words roused anger loud and deep; they hurt because, although not tactful, they were true.

Los hombres spend their days at business, to be sure, with a certain industry that finds expression in a leisurely way. Courteous *caballeros*, always ready to push aside the heavy ledgers, let serious matters wait, and chat and gallant with any of the fair! *Mañana!*

But, beautiful as is the city of San Juan, and full of life and color, an epitome of the island, all the true essence of Porto Rico does not lie within its walls. Scattered about the island are many little towns, each with its own atmosphere, dissimilar and yet the same. And, easily as the days slip by in La Capital, proud title of San Juan, they are there full of rush and bustle as measured with the little towns. On the western coast lies Aguadilla, rural and peaceful, its pride to be

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famous in legends of the island. Here Columbus, discovering the island on his second voyage and coasting along its shores in search of water, found a spring from which to fill his casks. Down into the plaza it rushes, clear and rippling, and on the shore stands a great cross to mark the spot where the first boat's keel touched the sand. Mayaguez is near by, lying both at the bottom and the summit of a hill. Straggling residences of quaint and pretty fashion stretch along the way between, through which runs the only tram-

In Mayaguez I met a bridal couple on horseback starting on their wedding journey. In type they showed a strain of Indian stock. They were not very young. Yes, they came from the hills, where they had a little home; would the kind Señorita some day come that way and bring the *fotografia* she promised they should have, and see *los niños?* Three there were, so good and pretty. No, they had not before been married, but had lived faithful all these many years. But *una Americana*, coming to the near-by hacienda to see the sugar,

THE MARKET, PONCE

way on the island—a narrow-gauge, not more than twenty inches wide, with tiny cars, the curtains flapping as the nimble native ponies travel up and down. About twelve passengers, at best, the car can hold, the distance covered somewhere within two miles. For five *centavos* one may ride. One little brown man in white cap and gray cotton drives the trotting steeds, another sells and punches tickets, and still a third collects the same. A very personally conducted little car it is, conducted with great gravity and weight of bearing.

had told them it would be better so, better for the *niños* and better for their souls, and that now, with the new masters, it would not cost so much as the tax the priest had asked, that they could never pay; so they had come. A simple tale and a simple pair, but pure at heart. Who the *Americana* was I never learned—only a woman, graced with tact, who had put her shoulder to the wheel of opportunity.

Mayaguez is the center to which the best oranges in Porto Rico come. Into the city plod long files of patient bullocks,

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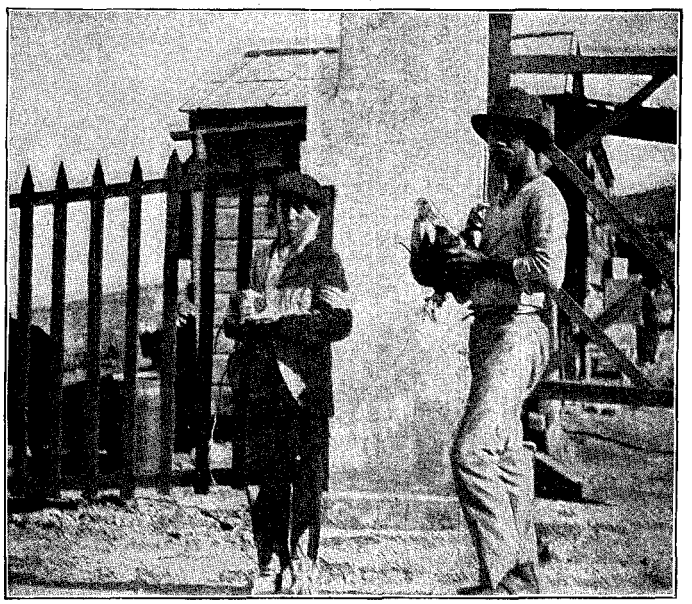
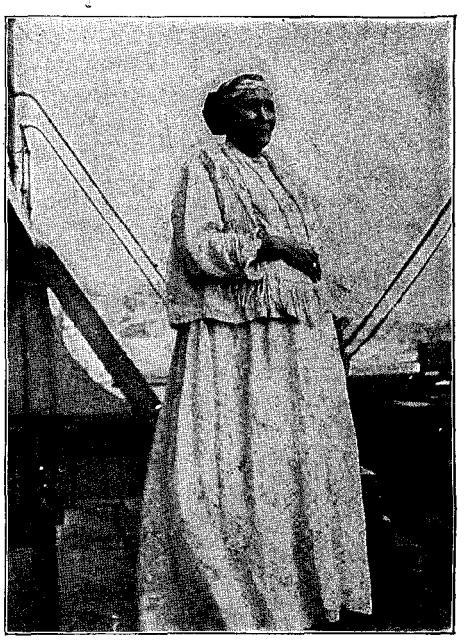


TRAINERS OF GAME-COCKS

with clumsy carts deep loaded with the parti-colored fruit, the native *china*, large and luscious, sweet and wholesome, the main food of many of the people; when at their best, mottled green and yellow; when wholly yellow, overripe. They grow wild out by the roadside, in the hollows, underneath the overhanging hills—anywhere except upon the mountain heights. Porto Rico has no cultivated fruits; they, like her people, are in a state of nature. Into the plaza the bullocks slowly go, then to the *mercado*, or to the port, *la playa*. Great, noble beasts they are. Spanned by a bar of heavy wood bound to their horns, with head hung low, they draw their heavy loads, the strain upon the muscles of the neck, their heads held as in an iron vise. They are not driven with words or whip, but with a wand. The teamster walks ahead and waves his arms and wand the way that he would have them go. But if he thinks them over-slow, desires to turn a corner or make a sharp detour, the wand assumes an office much less innocent. Its end is shod with a spike of steel, three inches long or more, and sharpened very well. It becomes a goad. And with a rush and hurry the cattle stumble to go faster, their sides dripping with a crimson stream, and scarred and seared with long endurance. Once I intimated to an educated native that we had different methods, more humane to the cattle. "Yes?" he replied, with an indifference entirely polite; "this does very well; their average of life is fourteen years." Besides the pain the constant goading inflicts, they suffer much from flies upon their faces, nose, and eyes, for since their heads are bound they cannot shake them off, but must motionless endure. All day they stand, or travel, without food or water, in the tropic sun; even when they rest no thought occurs of putting them beneath a shelter. With the bullocks and their loads come the laborers from the country—*peones*, whose days are spent on sugar or coffee plantations or gathering other native crops. They bear about them a broader thought of Indian blood, are stronger, healthier, more moral, more industrious, than their fellows of the towns. They labor long hours, sometimes walking several miles to work,



A ST. THOMAS WOMAN

There are many women of this type in Porto Rico.

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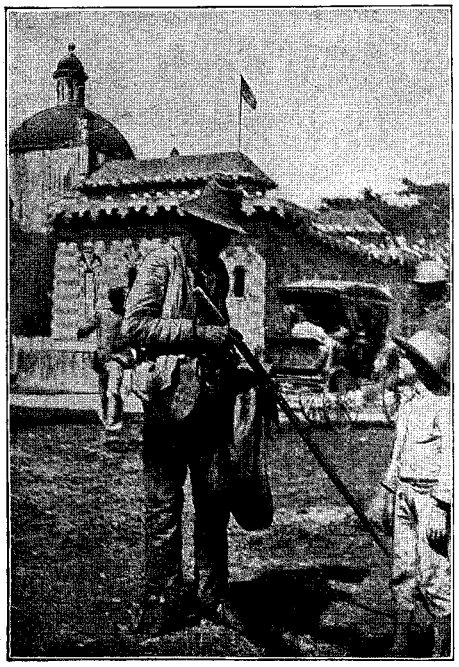
and home at night. From this class came the bridal pair of Mayaguez. They are simple folk, and entirely untaught.

On the southern coast are many beggars. In Ponce these obtain a special license and pursue a profession with a system. They have a regular income drawn from a voluntary clientele. In certain houses, on a day selected, on a little table in the doorway, is placed a row of copper *centavos*. The privileged ones among *los mendegos* shamble in at their appointed time, take each his penny, no more, with a mumbled *mucha gracias*, and shamble off again. One tale is told of an old woman, a beneficiary for many years, who one day told her patrons that she was too old to walk, that they must provide her with a pony, or she could not longer go about and get the pennies which, after all these years, were her right. Yielding with complacent grace, the patrons bought the pony, and now she rides, led by a full-grown lad, who also gathers the coin and gives the thanks.

AN ARTIST'S FAMILY, SAN JUAN



A LICENSED BEGGAR, PONCE

It was in Ponce that first there came to me, as a surprise, the total absence of interest in religion or religious topics. But so it is, and everywhere the same. In the churches, at the masses, are long rows of little maids of tender years, in tawdry, much-washed, or, oftener yet, unwashed white gowns, and little men in sober gray, with the sisters, their guardians. They come from the asylums—little orphans, so called. Alas! poor little souls! They kneel upon the floor, quite willing and patient, as is the native way, but without interest. But besides these little men and maids I never saw a dozen people gather in a church. A church in Ponce, almost the only one, and actually the only one of size or consequence, stands in the center of the plaza—the plaza dear to the heart of every dweller in a tropic land, where twice each week the band plays, and everything takes place. Certainly the church must have first been built, and the plaza, fenced by houses, grown about it by degrees. Now, cut in two, they find the plaza awkward and insufficient for the uses of a city such as Ponce has grown to be. While I was there the native council, wisely left to regulate the city, were be-

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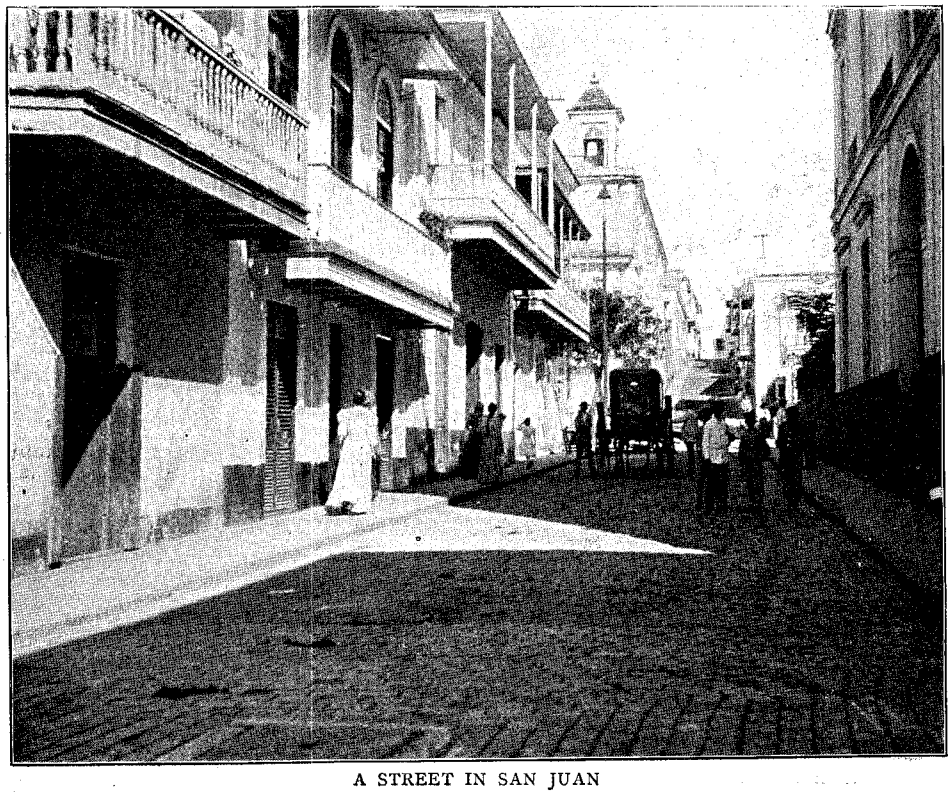
sieged to make a great move—that the church should be taken down and carried away. For, said the people, we cannot see that in any way we need the church; and a larger plaza we certainly must have. In their lives the church had played no part. Cold and indifferent, as their faces plainly show, without sympathy for the people, have been the men Spain has sent to be their religious guides—mercenaries and agents of the Government, never the true priest, never the kindly padre, whose heart is with his flock. There are good and evil men in the ranks of every creed, but from the worst in Spain were those who made their way to this island colony. To Spain's shame be it said. For the people are gentle, biddable, not aggressive, quick of wit, and teachable. To know their need, or what with education men and women might be, would have handicapped Spain's greed; and so, fenced in securely by the sounding waves that from every quarter beat upon the coral rock, this people have been left to dream away the centuries, not sinning, ignorant, with human instinct only for their guide—like little children in a garden, neglected, and close-barred from any knowledge of the world outside.

Their lives are bare and barren. What they have been shown, that have they learned, no more. And yet they possess a touch of art. They wear colors, gay but not over-violent; they are quick with music, and the native airs have a wild, sweet pathos. The embroidery of the women is wonderfully beautiful; and there are native artists, unfinished, but whose work bears the very touch and impress of the tropic life about them. And the railroad which, from San Juan, runs through the pretty suburb eastward of the city, boasts a private car, wholly of native workmanship and native wood, most delicately carved outside with foliage in conventional design, and inside with claws and heads and well-wrought effects no native need despise. And the very people, as they drift about the cities' streets or labor in the rural districts, not clean, ill fed, diseased, innocent of all art of living, are yet devoid of coarseness, not unrefined after their own fashion. They are gentle to their children, and, in the cruelty with which they treat their cattle, pursue



A STREET IN SAN JUAN

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BEGGARS AT SAN JUAN

a custom, not an inclination, since the action is perfunctory.

That they will learn no one knowing them may doubt. Not all at once, but very, very slowly, with time will come the change. First must they feel their freedom, and the gain of justice; then see what are the fruits of a better mode of living. After which will they crave and seek to do the same. The present plan is to teach them something like cleanliness and to improve their sanitary state, and to begin in the schools and kindergartens, with patient labor working for the future. The land is full of possibilities, but they are the possibilities calling for capital, not labor, for expenditure of self, not selfish ends, object-lessons of good living, not an influx of lives more evil than their own. Mines must be opened, railroads built, plantations and factories worked, and new industries created. Then, when skilled labor shall have taught the native population how to work, to feed their bodies and educate their brains, there will be room for the penniless American to go and take his place among them and find his chance. Not yet. And if ever aught is to be made of this land we have adopted, some hand should stop the pouring in of those of whom we have so little reason to be proud —outcasts, adventurers, self-seekers; and those others, involuntary apostles of the creed of non-success.

In Penumbra

By Edith M. Thomas

Now have I reached the day's extremest bound,
Now into shadow all the shadows creep;
And, while the night's full cup o'erflows around,
I die the death of Sleep.

A little more—to Life's extremest bound;
A deeper shade the shadows gathereth;
And, while the night, exhaustless, flows around,
I sleep the sleep of Death.

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AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR[1]

II.

The New Factory Towns of the South

When I was in Massachusetts, I heard absolutely nothing about English competition. More than half the manufacturers I talked with had a good deal to say about the competition of "cheap labor," but it was always the cheap labor of the South. The one manufacturer who did talk with me about English labor put in the strongest kind of terms its inferiority. "An American weaver," he said, "can handle eight looms, where an English weaver handles four." I told him that some Scotch and English weavers I had talked with had said that there was just that difference between the work they did in the old country and here, and I asked how he accounted for it. "The English workman is too beer-soaked," he said, "to look after more than four looms. Their beer-and-bread diet means four looms." The sentiment here, he continued, is against drinking, and those who come over learn to meet our expectations. I doubted whether this was the whole explanation, and thought of the brilliant passage in Henry Adams's History of the United States where he says that in the earliest days of the Republic it was a constant miracle to our foreign critics how the newly landed immigrant was changed into a new man by the hopes and ambitions which this country awakened in him. But, be the explanation what it may, there is no doubt about the facts. American weavers turn out nearly twice as much work per day as their English competitors, and their wage per piece is absolutely a little less. It is not strange, therefore, that the New England manufacturers, who are shipping large quantities of cotton abroad, have ceased to talk of the cheap labor of old England.

British workmen in America

The cheap labor they do talk about, as has been said, is the cheap labor of the South. No one who talked with me, however, talked the nonsense I had seen in print. No one attempted to convince me that the Southern manufacturers get their labor for half the New England price because the weekly wages are 40 per cent. lower and the hours 20 per cent. longer. In fact, it so happened that the first two manufacturers I talked with did not believe that the Southern manufacturers had any advantage whatever over the Northern. One of them pointed out to me that wages in the Southern city of Atlanta were higher than in the Northern city of Fall River, and the other said that if he were to build another mill he would locate it in New England rather than in the South. These two manufacturers, however, proved to be exceptions. Everybody admitted that the Southern labor was less efficient, but there was a general conviction that wages in the South were less per piece as well as per hour. On this point I tried in vain to get fair statistics. I found that wages in Massachusetts were less per spindle than in the South, and at first I was inclined to agree with the manufacturers who thought that Southern labor was the dearer. But when I came to visit a cotton-mill in the South, I found that the cotton thread used was so much coarser that the spindles had to be renewed much oftener. A Southern

Southern competition; the bogy and the reality

[1] Copyright, 1899, the Outlook Company. All rights reserved. The first article in this series, "The Old Factory Towns in New England," was published in the February Magazine Number of The Outlook. Titles of following articles will be: A Typical Primitive Community, The Negro as an Industrial Factor, Cotton and Sugar Plantations, The Coal-Mines, The Iron Centers, The Labor World in Chicago, The Small Northern Farm, The Great Wheat Ranches, Irrigation Among the Mormons, Co-operative Experiments.

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manager, who had had previous experience in New England, told me that the weaver who looked after eight looms at the North could not run more than six in most mills at the South. It was clear, therefore, that the statistics giving the wage per spindle were as unfair to the North as those giving the wage per hour were to the South. The nearest I came to a fair comparison between wages North and South was in a talk with a manufacturer who had mills making a similar grade of cloth in both sections. He had found the previous year that wages in the Northern mills had cost him one-third more per piece than in the South; but his Northern mills were old, while his Southern mill was new, and his Southern mill, in an exceptional fashion, had much the better machinery. Had there been the same machinery in both places, he said, the difference would not have been more than ten or fifteen per cent. The recent cut of ten per cent. in wages at the North, therefore, seemed to produce substantial equality. There might still be a slight difference in favor of the Northern employee, but the difference was slight indeed. As a Southern manufacturer afterwards said to me, the difference between the two sections had been ridiculously exaggerated. "There seem," he said, "to be two classes at the North. There is one set of men, like —— ——, who have always told us that we couldn't manufacture at the South and still hold on to their predictions; and then there is another set, who, for some reason—trying to beat down wages, I guess—have been making out of late that they can't manufacture at the North to compete with us. We can manufacture at the South, and we are doing it; but it requires good management here, just as it does anywhere else. The men who manage badly go to the wall here, just as they do elsewhere." This was the fairest summary of the situation that I heard. Employers at the South may receive a somewhat larger share of the product than employers at the North, just as employers at the North receive a somewhat larger share than employers in England; but, in the main, labor at the South, at the North, and in England is paid pretty nearly the same proportion of the value of its product. Everywhere employers and employed together get the whole product, and everywhere they divide it on pretty much the same basis. The employer who counts on getting rich at the South from the supposed underpayment of labor there, and not from the same attention to business that would make him prosper at the North, is likely to end in bankruptcy.

An American community

The first cotton-factory town I visited in the South was Lindale, Georgia. It is a little town on the Tennessee border, about ten miles from Rome, and has been built up out of nothing by the factory which a Northern firm has planted there. I reached the place a little after six in the evening, and was advised by the ticket agent to stop at the boarding-place kept by a foreman in the mills. To my great pleasure, it turned out to be an attractive place. Neither the foreman nor his wife was at home when I reached there, but a daughter of fourteen, with a bright, pretty face, made ready a room for me and had supper well under way before her mother returned. There was no servant—it was a white district—and this young girl, the oldest of six children, took charge of things with the quiet self-possession of a young woman many years her senior at the North. When her father returned from the mills, well on toward eight o'clock, supper was served, and I learned that hot waffles were almost as good when brought on the table all together at the beginning of the meal as when served from the iron by a servant from the kitchen. There were three other boarders besides myself, and all of them persons of some education. The foreman himself turned out to be a former subscriber to The Outlook, who had dropped it, partly on account of its theology, he said, and partly on account of its politics. He was really interested in both these subjects, and in music as well. Indeed, the whole town seemed interested in music, if we could judge from the amount we heard for an hour after supper. My host laughingly said: "There is more bad playing in this town than in any other place of its size in the country." He was more than half right about the quality as well as the quantity; but the impression made on me by the musical ambition of the village was decidedly a pleasant one. This favorable impression was deepened when he began to

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speak of religious conditions. There were nearly as many church members in the town as there were families, and all of them—Methodists, Presbyterians, and even Primitive Baptists—worshiped in the same church. So far as I could learn, the hard-shell Baptist blacksmith was one of the most respected and one of the ablest men in the community. To a considerable extent, this religious co-operation was due to the terms upon which the head of the manufacturing company had built the meeting-house. The plan was that the different denominations should supply the pulpit by turns. But, although this plan could not be carried out upon precisely equal terms for all, it worked well, because in rural communities in the South different denominations have learned to co-operate—sometimes taking turns as to which church shall hold the "protracted meetings."

Social morality

On the side of social morality, this town and the other white towns I visited in the South stood high. The people were all Americans, and the women had, along with American freedom, American self-respect. It is true that they dipped snuff, if that be considered a matter of morality; and it is also true that the early marriages seemed to be followed rather frequently by separations. But, so far as social purity went, the standard was high, and this showed itself not only in the absence of illegitimate births, but still more certainly in the absence of scandals and obscenity in the conversations of the young men sitting on boxes around the stores, or even loafing in front of the hotels. It was a clean atmosphere—a Southern country store seemed to me an infinitely wholesomer place than a Northern city saloon or club. This praise of the South, however, does not apply to the Black Belt, for in the South as well as in the North the presence of a lower social caste is perilous to morality. The greatest social purity is everywhere in homogeneous communities, where no class looks up or down, and none can be indifferent to the terrible consequences of immorality because its own young women are rarely the direct sufferers. This thought had also been impressed upon me in the factory towns of the North. In New Bedford and Taunton I had been struck with the uniform testimony respecting the morality of factory girls. The worst cynic I met was not cynical on this point. The social immorality that existed, I was told, came almost exclusively from servants in families and hotels, clerks in stores, or other young women with meager incomes in constant contact with people of a higher social grade, whose luxury they envied but could not afford. The young women who worked all day in the factories, living as well as their associates, and holding their heads as high as any of them, rarely forfeited their self-respect for any cause, and never for money. The credit for this high morality among the factory girls of New England was often given to the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church. There is no doubt as to the power or quality of this influence—which helps make the Irish everywhere pre-eminent for social virtue—but the same kind of morality among the factory women in the South, and greater refinement among the men, made me feel that American Protestantism is as strong a force for purity as even Irish Catholicism, and that the relative purity of social life in the factories is largely due to the social equality among the workers.

Child labor at the South

The first morning I was in Lindale, I went, of course, to visit the factory. The superintendent received me courteously, and, when he had read my letter of introduction, asked me to go through the mill at my leisure, and return for a talk with him when his immediate pressure of business was over. Going through the mill in this way made it natural for me to talk with the hands, and I found them working more cheerfully than would be the rule at the North. "It is not doing well that makes people happy, but doing better;" and these workmen, though not doing so well in point of wages as workmen in the North, were doing better than they had done on their farms a few years before. In fact, one of them in the engine-room was receiving as high wages as a similar workman would receive in the North; and the loom-fixers, I afterwards learned from the superintendent, received actually higher wages than at the North. Mechanical skill is still so scarce at the South that it must often be imported, and where this must be done, wages must be graded

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up accordingly. Men who had been in the mills for several years told me that wages were not so high as they used to be, but there had been no recent cuts like those at the North; and the reductions, according to the gloomiest statement, were much less than cotton farmers and their hands had been suffering. The result of all this was a general atmosphere of cheerfulness; and this, to my surprise, characterized the rooms where the smallest children were at work. I knew before that children of nine and ten worked in these mills for eleven hours a day, and I expected that the sight of them at work would quicken my rebellion at the system which deprived them of their childhood. But they went about their work with so much spring, and seemed to have so much spirit in it all and after it all, that I was completely nonplused. I talked with two or three of the youngest, and found them proud of their work, and disposed, I thought, to exaggerate their wages. It was all so far from being the conscious slavery I had expected that when I saw the superintendent I expressed my amazement. It was a matter of considerable relief to me when I found that he did not regard the child labor so lightly as the children regarded it. Only the stress of competition and the anxiety of parents to have the children at work made him permit their employment. He was a Northern man, and I feared at first that this was peculiarly the Northern view. But a week or so later, when I had a long talk with the Southern superintendent of one of the cotton-mills at Concord, North Carolina, I found his sentiments identical. "Sometimes," he said, "when a father comes to me and says that he 'needs Jennie's help now,' I put him off, and try to keep Jennie in school. But in a few weeks the father will be at me again, and say that he has the offer of work somewhere else. 'Any better pay than here?' I will ask. 'Oh, no,' he will answer, 'but they have work for Jennie too.' That's the way it goes," he continued. "We simply have to put the little tots at work, or we will lose our hands to somebody who will." "In that case," I naturally observed, "it would be a good thing to have the State law forbid the employment of children under a proper age." "The trouble with that," he replied, "is that it would set a precedent of State interference, and enable a lot of demagogues to go about saying how much they had done for the working people."

Adult idleness

Along with the early employment of children goes the early retirement of adults. "We have few men in the mills," said the superintendent at Lindale, "over thirty-five years old." He suggested that early marriages had much to do with it. The people marry young, and when they get to middle life they expect their children to support them. Possibly this is a partial explanation; but possibly, too, the early exhaustion is the direct result of the drain upon the child's strength before it is fairly developed. Whatever the explanation, the fact confronts you everywhere. It had been the saddest feature of cotton-mill life at the North, and at the South it was still more impressive. The children were at work, and men were idle. One day, when I was sitting in front of one of the stores at Boozeville—a badly named temperance settlement just beyond the boundaries of Lindale—a blind guitar-player came along and struck up the tune "On the Bowery." Within two minutes, at the outside, there were thirteen able-bodied men gathered about, or almost as many men as there were houses in the place. In the size of its leisure class—among men—Boozeville outranked Tuxedo.

Married women at home

There was, however, one respect in which the conditions about this Lindale factory were much better than at the North. The married women, when they became mothers, left the factory. "If my wife has to go into the factory," said one young operative to me, "we shall go back to the farm." This was the general sentiment. Most of these men were from the farms, and many of them expected to return when they had money enough to pay off a mortgage or buy needed stock and implements. As farmers they had always been accustomed to seeing little children at work out-of-doors, and felt no protest against seeing them at work indoors. They had been in school but little themselves, and felt little protest against keeping their children out of school. But, unlike the immigrant factory operatives in the North, they had always been accustomed to seeing their own mothers work exclusively in the homes, and they rebelled at the thought

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of the mothers of their children doing anything else. This wholesome sentiment bids fair to persevere, while the lack of sentiment against child labor is likely to disappear when the Southern factory labor becomes organized, and when the rapid development of the public-school system, which everywhere has followed the overthrow of the aristocratic régime, produces educated workmen who will demand a schooling for their children. The blight of slavery put the South two generations behind the North, both industrially and educationally, but the character and present progress of the Southern whites makes the prospect of betterment there much greater than at the North.

Large families

Already at Lindale I found that the schools were kept open and free for six months every year. In this town, however, the sixth month of school was due to the liberality of the factory management, which furnished the school building and contributed something like $100 a year to the running expenses. The general provision of the law, I was told by a school-teacher in a neighboring district, was a payment of four cents a day for each pupil. Thus fifty pupils made possible a teacher's salary of $10 a week. At Lindale the number of pupils was astonishingly large. There were two good-sized school-rooms, so well filled that I was not surprised when the principal told me that the total receipts of the school amounted to $900 a year for the six months' period. This meant that both teachers were paid what were considered exceptionally fine salaries. The principal was a man of ability, but to me the most impressive thing about the school was the number of pupils. I had recently visited the larger and much better-to-do town of Fryeburg, Maine, where two rooms with a handful of children in each made up the entire public-school system. In Lindale not only the size of the town indicated a smaller school, but also the large number of children who went early into the factories. Yet here there were twice as many pupils as in the New England village. The full explanation of it all did not at once occur to me, but my hostess happened to explain it in a conversation soon after. The conversation was naturally upon the size of Southern families, and I ventured the remark that five or six children seemed to be the rule. "Here in Lindale," she said, "seven or eight is about as common." "You don't mean," I said, "that they are larger here than they are elsewhere, do you?" "Oh, yes," she replied; "when they engage hands to come to the mill, they, of course, prefer families with a large number of children." Where a factory company is the landlord, the usual rule against children is reversed.

Early marriages

But, after all, the essential feature of the situation was the fact that the Southern families all about, and not merely those in the mill village, are still as large as were New England families two or three generations ago. Early marriages, as every one knows, are the rule. This was strikingly brought home to me at a meeting I attended of the local literary society. It was held at a farm-house near the town, and the star pieces on the programme were essays by the son of the host and by the young woman assistant at the school. The young man's essay was entitled "Why I am Single," and it was an extremely humorous account of the assistance he had received in remaining single from one girl after another, to whom he had made highly varied and interesting proposals. The paper was deservedly a great hit. When the young woman followed, her subject proved to be almost identical. It was entitled "The Tribulations of an Old Maid," and recounted her unintentional discouragement of her first suitor, the failure of any successor to appear, and the sad meditations which single blessedness had evoked. This paper did not add so much to the merriment of the company, and when the school principal spoke to me afterwards about it, his comment was: "I tell you, it is a little embarrassing when a young woman over twenty talks about old maids!"

Southern advantages

My talk with the superintendent at the mills was largely of the relative advantages of manufacturing North and South. The matter of wages, of which so much has been said of late, was far from being the only point of importance. In fact, the first advantage for Lindale that came up in our conversation was the cheapness of fuel. The superintendent was paying $1.50 a ton, while the Massachusetts price was about $5. When I asked how the bituminous coal

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he was now using compared with anthracite for steam-making purposes, he replied, "It is twelve per cent. better." (This estimate I have since verified in several quarters.) When I asked whether this saving in the matter of fuel would amount to as much a year in an ordinary mill as the cost of superintendence, he figured a moment and replied, "Yes, it would be liberal pay for superintendence." Here at once, then, was a gain equivalent to at least five per cent. on wages. Still another important matter was the cost of cotton. This he bought direct from the cotton plantations, saving thirty cents a bale by not needing to have it compressed for shipment, and $2 a bale more in the matter of freights. This saving, he said, would be unimportant in a mill working fine goods, but in a mill making coarse goods like that at Lindale, $2.30 a bale, or half a cent a pound, meant a good many thousand dollars a year. When talking with my superintendent at Concord, North Carolina, I found that neither of these advantages counted so heavily in his favor. He was paying, he said, seventy cents a ton for his coal at the mines, but $3 a ton for its freight to Concord. Railroad freights, he said, had not been reduced in years, except on fertilizers and farm implements, on which the Railroad Commission had effected a reduction at the demand of the farmers. All of his cotton product, he said, had to be shipped to New York either for the bleacheries or for market, and the rates charged him took away most of the apparent advantage of being nearer the cotton supply. Concord, he said, had to pay a higher rate to New York than Augusta, though Augusta was two hundred miles further off. In speaking, therefore, of the relative advantages of the South, the figures have to be changed for every particular place, and perhaps—in the matter of freights—for every particular mill. The only differences which everywhere operated strongly in favor of the South were the cheaper grade of goods made, and the better feeling between employers and employed. The first of these was probably the more important. Cotton manufacture at the South never gained rapidly upon cotton manufacture in Massachusetts until the hard times set in, in 1893. Then the economies forced upon all classes greatly reduced the demand for the fine grades made at the North, but hardly affected the demand for the cheap grades made at the South. As a result, the Southern mills were able to go on keeping their hands at work and even increasing their plant, while the Northern mills ordered shut-down after shut-down. The constant work at the South was one of the reasons why the employees were in more cordial relations with their employers, though the chief reason was the closeness of social and even church relationships, and the great prosperity of the mill hands compared with the neighboring farm hands. These cordial relations existing, the employees had not fought against reductions in wages corresponding to the reductions in prices. The absence of trades-unions had probably contributed to the same end, for while the Southern cotton operatives would probably get somewhat better wages, and certainly get better hours, if they had trade-unions, they would almost inevitably have resisted any reduction of the old union rates. All things, therefore, have combined, during the hard times, to make production at the South go on unimpeded, while there has been stagnation at the North. Southern factories have multiplied while Northern factories have shut down, and Southern workmen have never had to face the hardships of the unemployed which have been the curse of their fellows at the North. Nevertheless, when a period of rising prices restores the demand for the finer grades of goods, there is no reason why cotton-manufacturing should not again advance at the North, though the present gains of the South can never be lost.

Partially co-operative corporations

At present, however, there is one danger menacing progress for the Southern cotton operative—the prospect of negro competition. Thus far all attempts to introduce negro labor within factory walls have been successfully resisted, but each year this struggle becomes more difficult for the operatives. As the race feeling between white and black gives place to the class feeling between rich and poor, white employers will incur less odium by employing negro labor, and the white employees will be less able to stand as a unit in resisting the inevitable competition. At Lindale I heard nothing about this peril,

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though even in this white village the number of idle men was increased by the employment of negroes from the surrounding country to serve as teamsters and perform other "outside" labor. At Concord, N. C., however, the negro problem was the most important that presented itself, and the "co-operative" factories I came to study demanded relatively little attention. They proved to be co-operative only in the sense that they had been built in part upon the building and loan association plan, which had proven so successful in the neighboring city of Charlotte. As the shares had often been taken by families of small means, to be paid for by small assessments, the ownership of the mills was widely distributed, and corporation came very near spelling co-operation. Although few of the shareholders worked in the mills, and a few large shareholders, active in the management, owned the bulk of the property, nevertheless social conditions in this rapidly growing town were in happy contrast with those of Lindale. Instead of all the families being tenants, almost half of the white families owned their homes; and these homes, with their yards and gardens, betokened the social independence of their possessors.

A negro financier

But the sight of a prosperous factory town whose prosperity was created and possessed by its own middle classes was the smaller of the gains that came to me from my visit to Concord. The larger gain was the light thrown on the negro problem. At the time of my visit the leading negro of the town had recently laid the corner-stone of a cotton-factory to be owned and operated by negroes. My first inquiry was, naturally, whether the negro projector could procure sufficient money to equip a factory, and I learned to my surprise that he could very nearly build and equip a factory with his own money. Besides owning a store, he was the landlord of nearly a hundred negro tenements, which returned to him an average of $2 a month apiece. I expressed a desire to meet this negro magnate, and soon after my lunch he called on me at my hotel. We went together to his office, where he unfolded to me his plans and told me something of his personal history. He was a mulatto who had been born a slave, and, without any aid whatever from his father, had acquired his present property, which included, he told me with pardonable pride, the home of his former master. His present plan of building a cotton-factory he had cherished for years, and believed it to be on the point of consummation. There were already, he said, eight hundred subscribers for stock. When I asked where they all came from, he showed me on his books that the North Carolinian at the head of the cigarette trust had subscribed $1,000, and that this, that, and the other prominent officeholder or bishop had subscribed some smaller amount. When I asked how many local subscribers there were of his own race, he replied, several hundred. When I questioned him about their occupations and promptness in paying, he admitted that only about one hundred subscribers had as yet paid anything in, but insisted that a great many more—laborers, masons, carpenters, and even washerwomen—were willing to pay for their share in labor or by small installments. Over against the apparent weakness of this support he put the offer he had received from a reliable firm to put in the machinery for his mills and take part of the payment in stock. When I asked him where he would find the men to teach his negroes how to handle the machinery, he said that he expected no difficulty whatever on that score, as "everybody in town" was in favor of the enterprise. To prove this, he proudly called my attention to the Democratic paper's account of the laying of the corner-stone, and the glowing speeches made by prominent citizens. Everything in this account was laudation of the enterprise and its projector, and yet there was so much eloquence about the epoch-making event that the whole affair had an air of unreality. In fact, I could not persuade myself that its projector believed in the mill as a business enterprise. When he talked about his store or about rent collections, he talked like a business man of uncommon common sense; but when he talked about the factory, he inevitably talked like the solicitor of funds for a semi-philanthropic undertaking. The enthusiasm which the project evoked promised that some day such a plan would be carried through, but I came away questioning whether this shrewd mulatto ever risked much of his property in the enter-

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prise. This feeling of skepticism deepened when I became familiar with the local sentiment against negroes. Even my cotton-mill superintendent was strongly opposed to the new enterprise—though in his case the race feeling was cherished against his material interests. He employed no negro labor whatever about his mills, even for teamsters, because, he said, if he employed negro labor for this work there would be still more white men in the mill families with nothing whatever to do. When I asked him whether white men could be found to teach the negro hands in the projected factory, he expressed strongly the belief that they could not be found in Concord.

A lynching episode

At the time of my visit race feeling was at fever heat. The Sunday before two negroes had been lynched, and the crime which caused the lynching kept the blood of the best part of the community at the boiling point. Though I had read of such crimes time and again, I had never before felt their reality. I had thought that a low type of whites had been the victims, and had condemned chiefly the outrages of the lynchers whose lawlessness kept alive the race hatreds from which, in part, the original crimes had sprung. When, however, I learned in Concord of the character of young Emma Hartzel, and the utter fiendishness of the assault upon her, the only question I could ask was, "Were they sure they had the right men?" On this point there was no doubt. One of the murderers—for the crime had involved murder—was caught with blood on his garments and had confessed, while the other, when told by the minister who long had fought the mob in vain to rescue him, that he must not face God with a lie on his lips, had also confessed his guilt. There was no question in any one's mind, and the negroes present had sanctioned the execution. I talked with one negro after another regarding the sentiment of their race, and while one or two protested that a white man would have had a trial, the better part felt that the same crime from a white man would have merited and received the same punishment. The Hartzel family lived only three miles from Concord, and to make certain that the praise of the victim had not sprung from the desire to defend the outlawry, I drove out into the neighborhood. All that I learned increased my regard for the young girl. The son of the neighboring farmer who had captured the first of the criminals told me anew the story of the crime: Emma Hartzel, his younger schoolmate, had stayed at home the previous Sunday afternoon to take care of her baby sister, while her older sister, her father, and his young wife had gone to church. The family, he said, were as fine people as any in the valley, and Emma Hartzel was a modest Christian girl. The father, he thought, would be willing to talk with me, and so I drove on to the house. The door was opened by the young mother. The older sister, a girl of sixteen, with an attractive, serious face, stood just back of her. The father was not at home, but I knew from the face of his young wife and daughter that he was the type of man his neighbors had described. As I paused a moment to express my sympathy, there recurred to me the remark of a friend years before, that it was easy to believe in God's fatherhood when all went well, but that it would be impossible if one of your own daughters were the victim of crime. Turning to the mother, I asked, I hardly know how, whether the crime had overthrown her husband's faith. The reply came slowly, but in words which showed the depth of her own religious life: "He is going to live nearer to God." As I stood upon that doorstep and listened to this simple expression of supreme faith, I felt that I was in touch with a higher world of spiritual life; and as I came back North, I felt that for the last time I had condemned these Southern communities for administering justice according to the elemental feelings of manhood instead of the cold processes of law.

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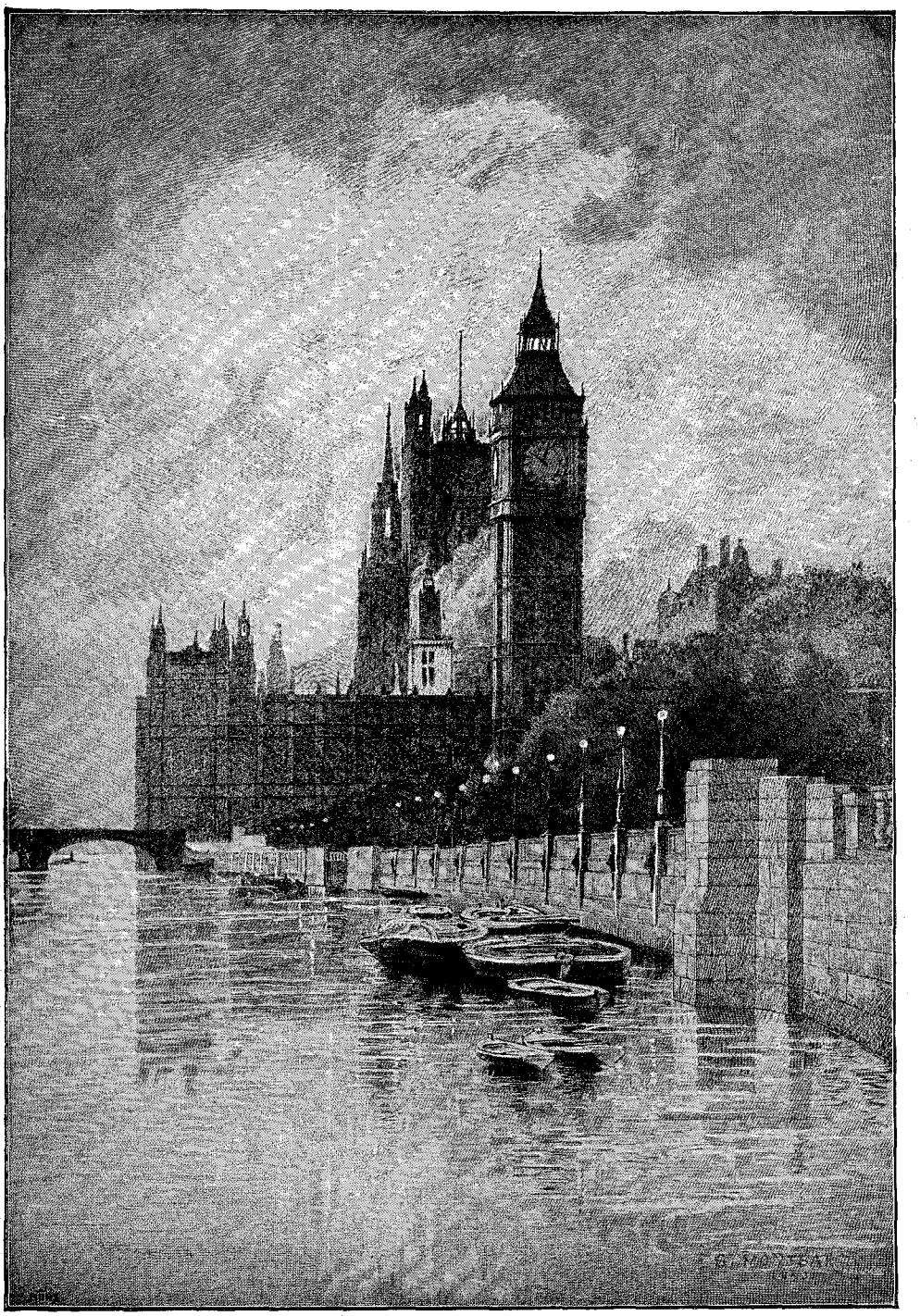

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. NIGHT VIEW

From a drawing by M. Georges Montbard, of Paris. The present Houses of Parliament were begun in 1840 from a plan by Sir Charles Barry, selected out of nearly a hundred sent in for competition. The style is Perpendicular Gothic. The building covers eight acres, and has cost in all about $15,000,000.

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Great Britain's Lawmakers

By Percy Alden

THERE is a striking contrast between the Representative Chambers in England and America. At Washington you are in the atmosphere of democracy, pure and simple. Any one who cares can go and listen without let or hindrance to the speeches of the men who represent him in the government of the country. At Westminster, however, the case is quite different. The House of Commons is hedged in, not exactly by divinity, but by austere barriers of custom and convention. On entering the precincts of St. Stephen's one is struck by the large number of men who represent law and order. It is not improbable that one of these will immediately ask the reason of your entrance. Your answer is, naturally, that you wish to listen to a debate, and that you are intending to apply to the Member of Parliament who represents your district for permission. Thereupon you are escorted by another policeman to the spot where, on slips of paper provided, you may write your own name and the name of your Member. This the policeman hands to a House messenger, whose business it is to ascertain, first, if that Member has taken his seat, and, failing that, if he be anywhere within the House. The messenger thereupon shouts the name of the Member in the smoking-room, library, or dining-room, as the case may be. It may be that at least half an hour will elapse before any answer is forthcoming, and then the man of your choice will appear at the barrier and present you with an order to occupy a seat in the strangers' gallery, which you may do at once, if the gallery be not full. As it is generally full, you may have to wait some considerable time before a vacancy occurs; in which case you take your place at the end of a long queue, and at last you find yourself seated in the gallery at the end of the House facing the Speaker, at present the Rt. Hon. W. C. Gully. Above the Speaker is the press gallery, and above that a screened gallery for ladies. In the galleries on either side are to be seen a few disconsolate Peers, who seem to be there by mistake. If, however, it be a great debate, the Peers' gallery is crowded; but these occasions are most exceptional. There is also another gallery to which the Speaker alone is entitled to give entrée.

The floor of the House is entirely given up to Members; and the accommodation, at the time of an exciting debate or on the occasion of some great declaration of policy, is altogether insufficient for 670 men. Certain seats are, of course, secured by custom for leading statesmen of the Government and of the Opposition; and both the Cabinet and the ex-Cabinet, members of the Government and members of the late Government, may be sure that their seats are regarded as absolutely "taboo." For the rest it is often a good deal of a scramble, and a Member wishing to secure a seat has been known to go down to Westminster as early as 6 A.M., although the House did not sit until 3 P.M. This reminds one of the fact that during the Commonwealth the House sat early in the morning; the regular hour was 8 A.M., and any Member who failed to put in an appearance at prayers was liable to a fine of one shilling, which was given to the poor. In the preceding generation the House actually sat at 7 o'clock in the morning, and during the Parliament of the Protectorate committees frequently met at 6 A.M. It was not until the reign of George I. that sittings by artificial light were allowed, except by express order of the House. We often have long sittings at the present time, but there is a famous example of a debate in Richard Cromwell's Parliament which killed two speakers. This was the time when, after nine days' incessant controversy, the House sat all one night and on till 10 P.M. the next day. Mr. Chalmer Chute, the Speaker, was taken ill and died a few weeks later; Mr. Long, Recorder of London, took his place and sat for four days, when he also was taken ill and died. It was in the course of this debate that the following plaintive appeal was made: "Mr. Speaker, I perceive the House grows empty: so do our bellies. I

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pray you would adjourn for an hour." It shocks our humanitarian spirits to hear that this request was not granted.

The present House of Commons makes the completest possible arrangements for the comfort and well-being of its Members. An enormous amount of money is spent in heating, lighting, and ventilation. The kitchen arrangements are admirable and governed by a Committee of the House, and in all other respects the House is a first-rate club for Members of Parliament. It is now quite a common thing for Members to bring their wives, daughters, and friends to the House and dine them either before or during some debate; on an exciting night the cooks are overwhelmed with business. But perhaps the most striking feature of this social side is the growing custom of entertaining ladies to afternoon tea upon the terrace which looks out on the river Thames. This became so popular a feature that the Members have had to take steps to protect themselves, and now a part of the terrace is reserved for Members only.

Perhaps of all representative chambers in the world the English Parliament is most given over to the observance of procedure. This no doubt conduces to the solemnity and decorousness of its proceedings, and so far befits a great and powerful law-making machine; but the innumerable rules of procedure are a great bogy to the nervous new Member, and some even of the older Members never properly master the usages of the House. The "Order! Order!" of the ex-Speaker Viscount Peel was most awe-inspiring, and the man who had transgressed was often covered with embarrassment and confusion. A newly elected Irish Member once asked Mr. Parnell, "How can I learn the rules of the House?" "By breaking them," was the prompt reply; and Mr. Parnell's experience fully qualified him to give this advice.

Every sitting of the House of Commons begins with prayers led by the Chaplain; and it is a curious fact that the Treasury Bench and the front Opposition Bench are always deserted on these occasions. Every one would be greatly surprised to see Arthur Balfour or Sir William Harcourt at prayers. Now and then a stray Minister drops in, but, as a rule, they seem to stand without need of divine guidance; and, for the matter of that, one would think the same about most of the Members of the House, if the numbers usually present are any criterion. When there is a rush for seats, the numbers go up with a bound, for every Member can thereby secure his claim to a place until the House rises. From a little box on the table he takes a card with "At prayers" printed on it, and, writing underneath his own name, he slips it into a groove at the back of the seat; he may then leave the House if he chooses and stay away the whole evening; that seat remains in his possession, and any temporary occupant must give way when he appears. This will account for the edifying display of devotion previous to a big debate. Supposing that a Member should be absent from prayers and still wish to retain his seat, he may come in and place his hat on a seat not already engaged, and, if it be his bona-fide head-gear, by courtesy he is entitled to that seat for the night. This point is important, for the Speaker has ruled that it is impossible for a man to use two hats, and refused to allow any "colorable substitute" for the real hat. This arose out of the great historic occasion on which Mr. Gladstone moved his Home Rule Bill, when Members were waiting for the doors to open at 7 A.M., and one Irishman brought a dozen hats to book seats for his friends.

The hat, indeed, plays a most prominent part in Parliamentary life. Members may wear their hats while sitting in the Chamber, but only when seated. As they walk to their seats or rise to leave the House they must uncover. This custom has given rise to some curious and ludicrous incidents. On one occasion early in the present Parliament a Member got up to leave the chamber with his hat on his head instead of in his hand; he was startled by a roar of indignation from both sides of a House that strongly resents any breach of etiquette. This so embarrassed and perplexed him that when Members shouted, "Hat! hat!" he actually felt in his trousers pockets and coat-tails in a vain attempt to discover the offending article of attire. At last an Irish Member came to his relief and politely removed the hat from the head of the confused and bewildered legislator.

The rule that a Member addressing the

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House shall be uncovered has one exception. Before a vote is taken at the close of a debate, the electric division bells are rung in all the rooms of St. Stephen's, and an interval of two minutes by sand-glass is allowed before the doors of the chamber are locked. It is at this time that the Member should retain his seat and wear his hat, if he wishes to address the Chair on a point of order. Mr. Gladstone on one occasion made the mistake of rising to his feet with his head uncovered. The Members shouted, "Order! order!" and Mr. Gladstone was immediately aware of his mistake; but, like most Ministers of the present day, he seldom or never brought his hat into the chamber—Lord Hartington used to be a notable exception—and so Mr. Gladstone had to borrow a hat from one of his colleagues—a hat in every way far too small for his enormous head. The attempt to balance this hat upon his head while he spoke from his seat on the front Opposition bench was ludicrously comical.

JOHN MORLEY

One of the prominent officials of the House, the most prominent in many ways apart from the Speaker, is the Sergeant-at-Arms, at present Mr. Erskine. It is his business to remove all offending Members who have been named by the Speaker for disorderly and unruly conduct, and it is he who is supposed, in the last result, to enforce the rules laid down by the Members. It is no unusual thing to see him standing, a dignified and unyielding guard, at the door of the House waiting for a quorum; a quorum of the House is forty Members. If a sufficient number be not present at three o'clock for prayers, the Members who are present are detained until the laggards put in an appearance. If a quorum has not been formed by four o'clock, the House does not sit. On

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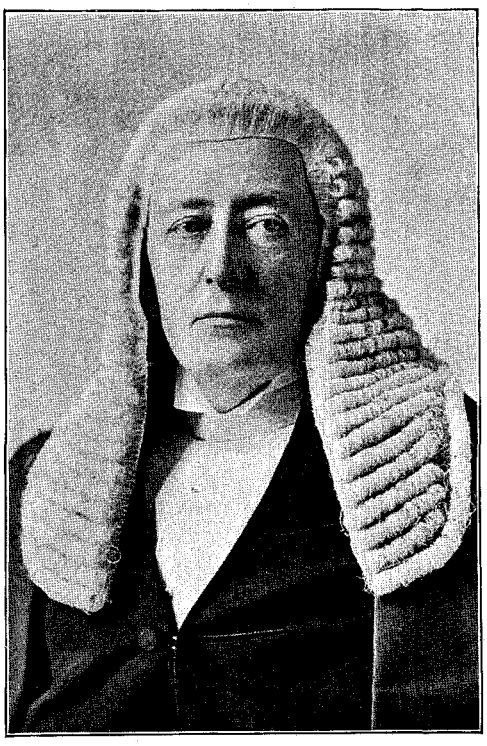
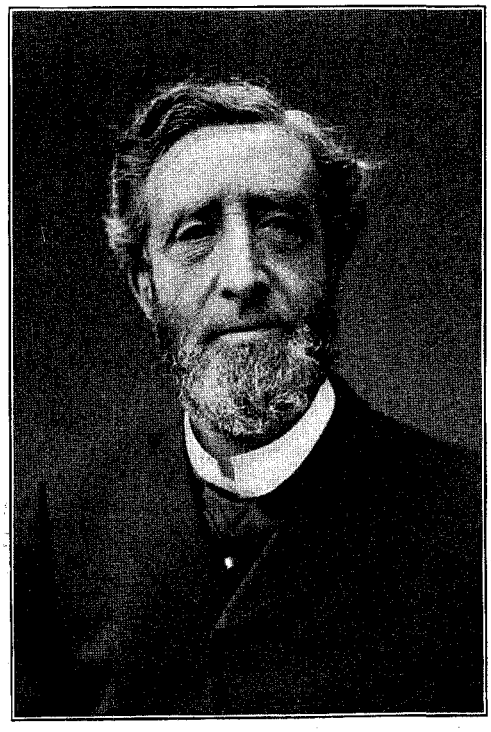


THE RIGHT HON. W. C. GULLY
The Speaker.



VISCOUNT PEEL
The Ex-Speaker.

Wednesdays the sitting is at noon, and as this is a Private Member day—that is, a day set apart for the discussion of bills introduced by unofficial Members—sometimes there is considerable difficulty in obtaining a quorum. An amusing instance of this occurred on Wednesday a few years ago. It happened to be Derby Day, and one of the traditions of the House is that all Members attend these famous races. However, on this occasion, for the first time in its history, the House had refused to adjourn, and about thirty conscientious Members turned up to prayers at twelve o'clock. Owing to the fact that the great majority of their colleagues were enjoying themselves on Epsom Downs, no House could be formed, and so from twelve till four this gallant band was detained in the House doing nothing, the Sergeant-at-Arms playing the part of sentinel. After a House has once been formed, and the Speaker has taken the chair, business can proceed uninterruptedly even if only one or two Members are present, provided that no one calls the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there is an insufficient number present. If any Member wishes to do so, he rises and says: "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call vour attention to the fact that there are not forty Members present." Whereupon the bells ring in every room of the building, and, after two minutes, the Speaker counts the House with his black beaver three-cornered hat, using it as a sort of pointer. When he reaches the fortieth Member he resumes his seat, and business is continued. If there is no quorum, he leaves the chair without a word, and the sitting is at an end.

Nowadays the Speaker is the friend of almost every Member in the House. He is usually a very popular man with both parties, and he is sure to have a reputation for his knowledge of Parliamentary procedure and for his courtesy to all comers. The present Speaker, Mr. Gully, was elected by the last Liberal Government on the retirement of Viscount Peel, and it is interesting to see Members consulting him on Parliamentary matters that come within his ken while he is actually in the chair. The Speaker has not always been so popular or so genial in the House of Commons. There is a story told of Mr. Speaker Onslow, about the middle of

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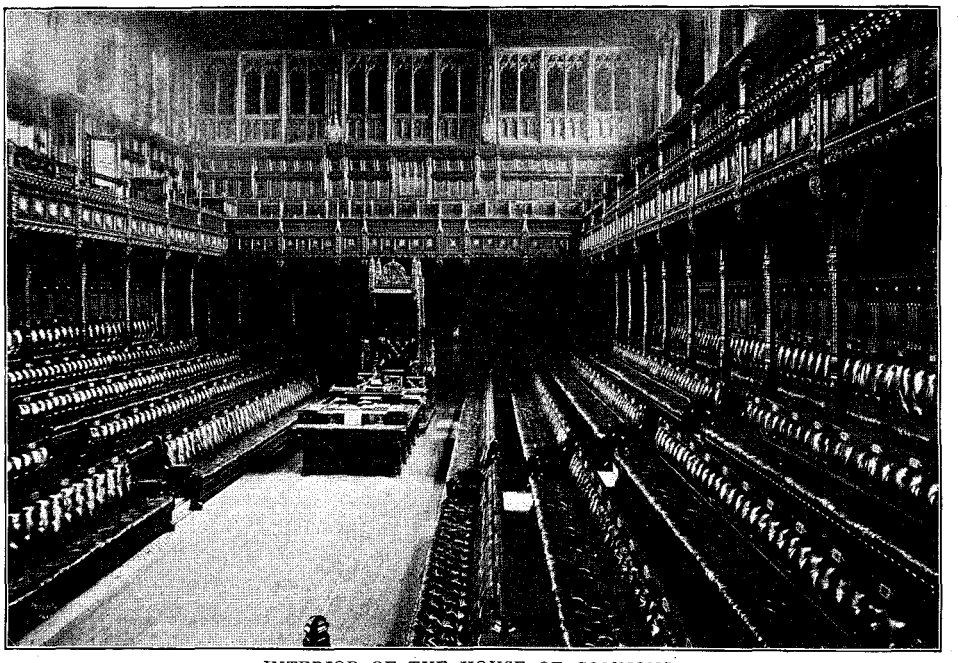
the eighteenth century, who admonished Colonel Fitzroy, then acting as Lord-in-Waiting, for entering the House too late to make a quorum. The honorable Member, who afterwards became Lord Southampton, excused himself by saying that he had been waiting upon his Majesty; which excuse only seemed to arouse the ire of Mr. Onslow. "Sir," he shouted, "don't tell me of waiting; this is your place to attend in—this is your first duty."

One of the formal utterances of the Speaker which is now only a relic of the past is the "Strangers will withdraw" on

in the gallery was the Prince of Wales. Suddenly Mr. Joseph Biggar, an Irish Member, rose to his feet and mildly informed the Speaker that he "espied strangers;" whereupon all the galleries were cleared, and a certain royal personage was calmly shown to the door. Mr. Disraeli, the then leader of the House, was, however, equal to the occasion, and moved the suspension of the standing order regulating the admission of strangers. At the same time a motion was passed making such informal action impossible in the future.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Immediately facing the spectator is the Speaker's chair. To his right are the seats of the Opposition, the leaders occupying the first bench. The Clerk's table is in front of the Speaker. The mace lies on the table. Behind and above the Speaker is the Reporters' Gallery; opposite this is the Strangers' Gallery.

a notice to count the House or a motion for division. At one time the galleries would be cleared on such occasions, but the custom has now sunk into disuse. Formerly any Member could have the galleries cleared by simply rising in his place and saying, "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers." A curious incident which happened in April, 1875, caused the House to remove this power from the hands of the private Member. Mr. Chaplin, the President of the Board of Trade in the existing Cabinet, was proposing a motion in relation to the breeding of horses, and among the many sporting lords present

No chamber is more particular than the House of Commons about the etiquette to be observed in addressing Members. The Speaker is, of course, always addressed as "Mr. Speaker, Sir." The Chairman of Committees, when the House is so sitting, is addressed by his name, "Mr. Lowther." Members are distinguished by the office they hold; as, for example, "The Right Honorable the Chancellor of the Exchequer," while other members are often addressed by the name of the constituency they represent, as, "the Honorable Member for Durham." In repeating, it is common to use such expressions as

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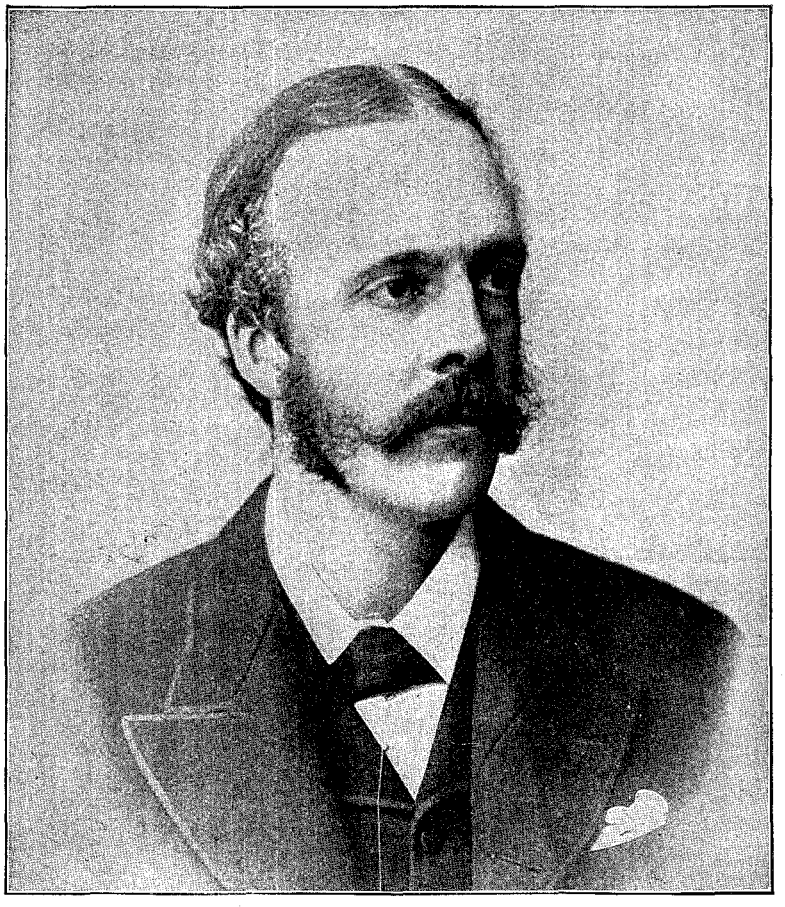

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR

"the honorable gentleman," or "my honorable friend." Lawyers are often referred to as "honorable and learned," while officers of the army and navy are invariably styled "honorable and gallant." The late Mr. W. H. Smith, the famous bookseller and news agent, when leader of the House, was once referred to as the "right honorable and learned gentleman." "I beg the honorable gentleman's pardon," said Mr. Smith, amid some laughter; "I am not learned." Occasionally one hears a Member address the Speaker as "Mr. Mayor;" and there has been at least one case of a Member calling the Speaker "Mr. Chairman," and following this up with "ladies and gentlemen."

It is regarded by Members of the House as a breach of order to read a newspaper in the House. It is allowable to quote and read extracts in the course of a speech, but any attempt to peruse it sitting would call forth from the Chair the cry of "Order! order!" Like the young lady who used to enfold all her most frivolous novels in a cover labeled "Moses and Geology," Members sometimes slip their newspaper into the "orders of the day," and in this way are enabled to digest a speech without leaving the House.

With a view to insuring attendance on special occasions and obtaining a good vote on a division, each party has a Senior and Junior Whip, whose business it is to send notices underlined in such a way as to show their importance to all the Members of their party. A seven-line whip, that is, a notice underlined seven times, is the most urgent, and denotes a critical division, on a motion which may mean the overthrow of a Government. This is practically the only check over absenteeism, and with a powerful party organization there is little need for anything else. During the seventeenth century, however, Members were not allowed

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SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT

to go out of town without permission of the House; and the following resolution enacted that "Such Members of the House as depart into the country without leave be sent for in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms." Fines were inflicted upon defaulters, and the penalty was in some cases imprisonment in the Tower. As it is illegal for any Member to resign his seat unless he accepts some position of honor or profit under the Crown, a rather strange and somewhat ludicrous means of escape has been found. The Member accepts from the Chancellor of the Exchequer an office called "Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds." This office is, of course, a sinecure, without any emolument attached to it; but in bygone days the Chiltern Hills in Buckinghamshire, especially such parts of the highlands as were covered with forest, were infested with robbers, and the duty of the Steward was to protect the inhabitants of the district from their depredations. As soon as a Member accepts this office he, *ipso facto*, retires from Parliament; whereupon he immediately again resigns the office into the keeping of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is always difficult to prophesy the success or failure of a man in the House of Commons. Many a popular platform orator finds himself listened to with stolid displeasure on the floor of the House; while lawyers, and especially such as have a big practice at the bar, are not seldom the least influential at St. Stephen's. Exceptions must be made in favor of Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Augustine Birrell, the author of "Obiter Dicta." Mr. Birrell has undoubtedly made a bid for a leading position as a debater. He has literary gifts and a literary training, and that sprightly, audacious humor which has often amused the House for half an hour at a time. Mr. Bryce, an authority

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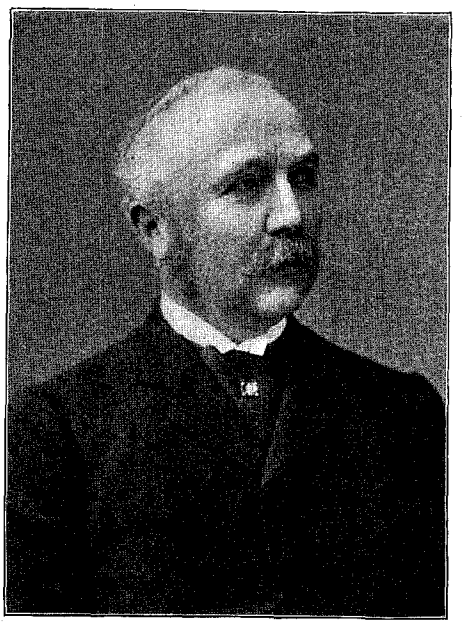

THE RIGHT HON. H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

on international law, and author of "The American Commonwealth," is always listened to with great attention. He seldom speaks, but never without thorough knowledge of his subject. Humorists are always popular, and this explains the reputation of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who constantly delights the House by his witticisms. Were it not for his humor he would have considerably more difficulty in obtaining a hearing, for Members are unmerciful in their treatment of men they consider faddists. In the same way, Mr. Labouchere never fails to get the ear of the House, and—"tell it not in Gath"—it is said that he can catch the eye of the Speaker more easily than most men. His speeches are intensely funny, and after a dreary, interminable debate the House naturally welcomes the man who can relieve the monotony of the situation.

It is very strange that so few men who have made a great reputation in other departments succeed in the House. Sir George Balfour was an utter failure. Sir George Campbell, whose fame was acquired as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was equally unfortunate. He could talk on any subject, at any length, in a peculiarly unpleasant and rasping voice. The House of Commons does not like that sort of man. On one occasion a question was addressed to Mr. Plunkett regarding the carving of strange birds and beasts on the new staircases in Westminster Hall, and Mr. Plunkett disclaimed all responsibility. Then uprose Sir George, committing the unpardonable sin of interfering with another Member's question. "Who, then," he shouted, "is responsible for these fearful creatures?" Mr. Plunkett, with a pleasant smile, and in a musical voice that contrasted with the harsh tones of Sir George, made answer: "*I* am not responsible for the fearful creatures in Westminster Hall or *in this House either.*" One of Sir George Campbell's fads was his objection to the device of St. George and the dragon for the coins which passed currency in Scotland. He said that he preferred St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. He was always worrying the House about this small matter, until at last Sir Wilfrid Lawson rose and suggested as a compromise that the device should be "*Sir* George and the dragon."

Another eminent Indian statesman who met the same fate was Sir Richard Campbell. He bored the House by speaking too much on every subject; and the House, above all things, dislikes to be bored. A most persistent and in some respects a very uninteresting speaker is Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, at present on the most friendly terms with the Sultan of Turkey, and the Sultan's warmest defender. He

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH

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has often said amusing things, but he has seldom perpetrated a greater bull than the famous one with regard to the Home Rule party. "They are getting in the thin end of the wedge," he said, "by a sort of side wind." This is almost as refreshing as the remark of the well-known Conservative candidate who, referring to the prudence of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, remarked: "The right honorable gentleman has done what I would like you all to do, namely, when you lay an egg put it by for a rainy day."

There are two men in the House who have made a reputation in literature, and yet have been by no means unsuccessful as speakers to this critical audience. I mean Mr. John Morley and Mr. Lecky. Mr. Lecky's manner is most unfortunate. He wrings his hands with despairing gestures, and his knees look as if they must give way; but he has a pleasant voice, enunciates clearly, and always says something worth hearing. John Morley, however, is by far the greater speaker. His best speech on the Home Rule Bill, which the writer had the good fortune to hear, not only possessed literary finish, but was a powerful and at times an impassioned appeal to England to lay aside prejudice and do an act of justice to the Irish people. He is always listened to with attention, and although he is not a great orator, his utterances reach a very high level. He is also regarded as absolutely honest and independent, which counts for a good deal. Perhaps the man who has the greatest reputation for independence among all the Members is Mr. Courtney, a good and strenuous speaker, and absolutely fearless. It is very seldom that votes are influenced in debate, but Mr. Courtney has probably succeeded as often as any one. He is a doughty champion of woman's suffrage, and so far back as 1877 spoke on behalf of a second reading against the wish of the House, which was tired of the subject. He declaimed for half an hour, a roar of human voices shouting, "'Vide! 'vide!" going up meanwhile; and finally he succeeded in talking out his own bill. Shouting a man down is the form of clôture which the House attempts to enforce when the ordinary formal method introduced by a Liberal Government, and used at that time for putting an end to obstruction, is no longer possible. This latter power rests, of course, in the hands of the leader of the House. But we have an instance so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth of something similar, for Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the more famous Lord Verulam, in one of his speeches still preserved in MS., makes a break and marks it with this note: "Hereafter ffoloweth that I intended to have saide if I had not byn countermaunded." What form the countermand took we are not told, but probably he was enjoined from the Chair to desist.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

The House of Commons to many minds is not what it used to be: we miss the leonine head and oratory of Mr. Gladstone; the clever, harassing tactics in debate of Lord Randolph Churchill; Sir John Gorst is tamed; Sir Stafford Northcote is dead; Lord Hartington is in the House of Lords as Duke of Devonshire; Parnell, the uncrowned King of Ireland, and one of the

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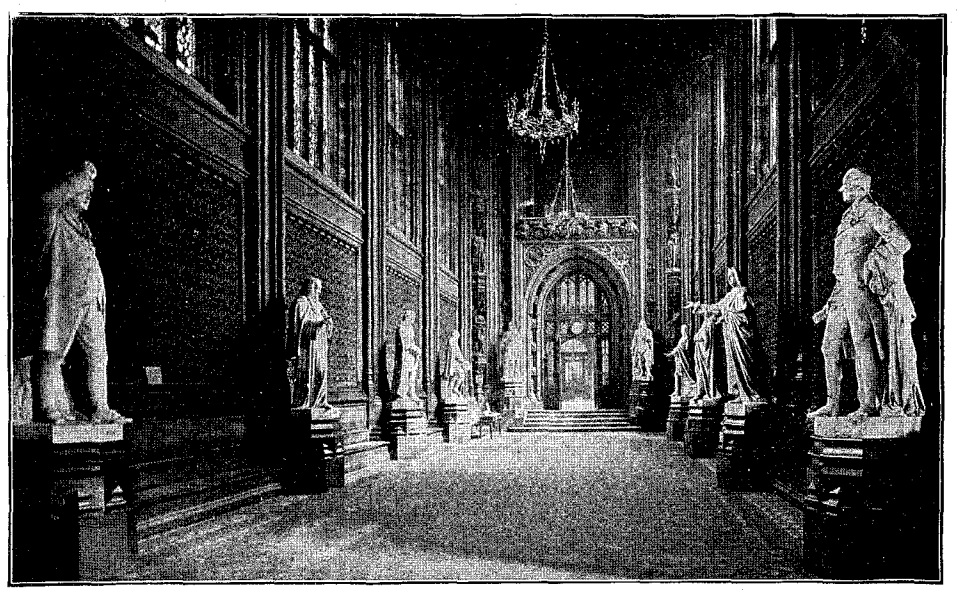
most striking figures of our times, met with an inglorious end. It is pleasant to remember that Mr. Gladstone during his last years was treated with reverent respect by all parties, and his closing days, especially, must have been rendered more bearable by the thought that political opponents as well as friends were grieved at his withdrawal from Parliamentary life. One of our cleverest debaters, Lord Curzon, has gone to India as Viceroy. His loss is sure to be felt on the Treasury Bench; Mr. Balfour, the leader of the House, will have necessarily to take a little more upon his own shoulders, especially if the debates upon the foreign policy of the Government should prove exciting, as is quite probable. Mr. Balfour aroused from his philosophic calm is no mean opponent, and his debating power has greatly increased since the days when Lord Salisbury pushed his nephew to the front. He is powerfully backed up, however, by Mr. Chamberlain, who is perhaps one of the strongest Colonial Secretaries of our time. Mr. Chamberlain is not popular with many Members both of the Government and the Opposition, but his forceful, lucid speeches make a deep impression upon a body of men who like to feel a speaker to be master of his subject. Mr. Chamberlain is not only master of his subject, but also master of a certain kind of biting sarcasm, which makes him an enemy greatly to be feared. Sir William Harcourt has the same power of sarcasm, but it is nearly always relieved by a dash of humor or wit.

The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, would probably be Mr. Chamberlain's competitor for the leadership of the House if Mr. Balfour should retire. He has made one or two unfortunate mistakes with regard to the foreign policy of the Government, but for the most part his speeches are a model of decorum; and, as he possesses firmness of will, readiness of resource, and lucidity of style, he is regarded by the Conservatives as a great standby for the future. Mr. Chamberlain excites distrust by reason of his oscillations in faith and allegiance. At one time he could say nothing too bad about Lord Salisbury; now Lord Salisbury is the heaven-born statesman. Foreign politics were once the invention of the Tories to distract attention from reforms at home; now serious social problems put forward by radicals must not be allowed to check or hinder the action of the Foreign Office. There can, however, be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain has done a great service to the Conservative cause, and it is only a matter of time before his efforts are rewarded by far greater honors than he has received at present.

The withdrawal of Sir William Harcourt from the leadership of the Opposition may considerably weaken the Liberal party; for few men have ever proved



ST. STEPHEN'S HALL

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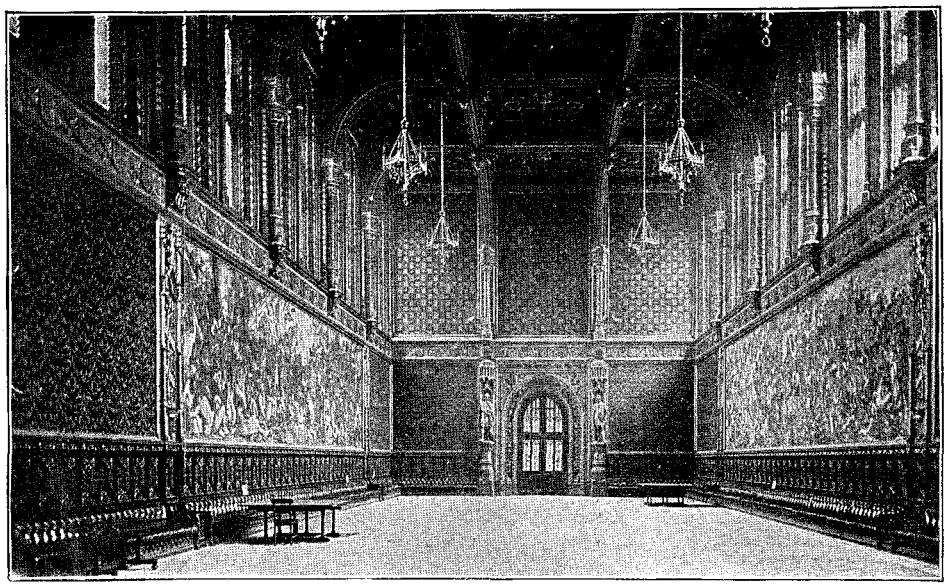

THE VICTORIA GALLERY

themselves so quick and resourceful in debate. He has always been, next to Gladstone, the fighter of the party. The question of the leadership of the Opposition will soon have to be settled, and the probability is that the Rt. Hon. Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be the choice of the Liberal Members. [Since this was written the writer's prediction has been fulfilled.—THE EDITORS.] It is said that he could have been Speaker, only that he consented, at the request of the party, to continue in office; he was then Secretary of State for War. The other man prominently spoken of is the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, Home Secretary in the last Liberal Government. It was prophesied of him even at Oxford as an undergraduate that he would make a mark in the political world. And if only he had, in addition to his great ability as a speaker, more sympathy with all progressive movements, he might even be the next Liberal Prime Minister. Unfortunately, his hard, cold utterances do not touch the imagination. Like many another man, he is being unconsciously influenced by his aristocratic friends. He is perhaps the last man to make a slip of the tongue, and yet his friends call to mind that, in making a speech at Cambridge on one occasion, he declared with great emphasis: "Let it be known, gentlemen, that of those just demands we abate not one jit or tottle."

The present Government has had little or no difficulty in controlling the Irish Members, owing to the fact that the party is divided, with several rival factions fighting against one another. Gerald Balfour, the present Chief Secretary of State for Ireland, has consequently an easy time of it just now. Occasionally the monotony of his life is relieved by pleasing incidents such as that which occurred early in the present Parliament. Mr. George Murnaghan had made some proposal, at the instance of his leader, which Mr. Balfour refused to entertain. "I can tell the Chief Secretary," said the Member for Tyrone, "that his message will be received in Ireland with *constirpation*."

I will close this article by referring to a custom that exists in the House of Commons which strikes the casual visitor as very curious and amusing. At the termination of a sitting the policemen and messengers shout through the lobbies and corridors, "Who goes home?" The custom, no doubt, arose many years ago, when it was necessary for Members of the House to go home in parties, with linkmen or servants carrying torches, in order to protect themselves against the robbers and footpads of the street. It is an interesting survival of the old and historic past, and serves, at the same time, to remind me that *this* sitting has come to an end. "Who goes home?"

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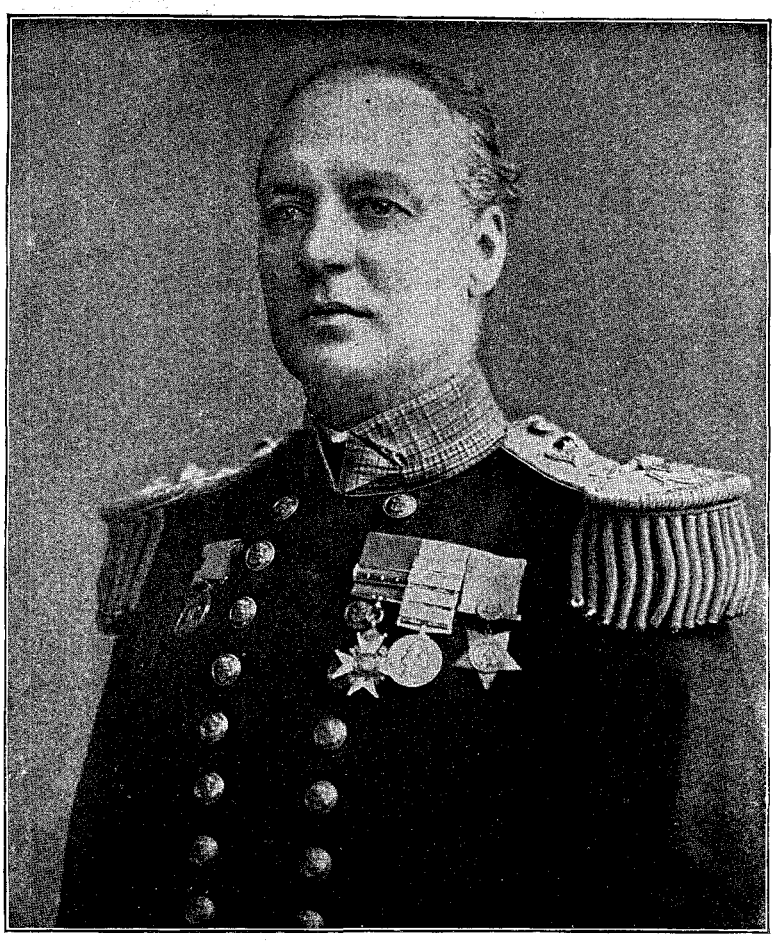

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

Lord Charles Beresford on America and the Far East

By Charles Howard Shinn

ON the eleventh of February Lord Charles Beresford reached San Francisco from Japan, and, at the request of the editors of The Outlook, I sought an interview with him. Lord Beresford is engaged on one of those great modern missions of civilization which are so profoundly affecting the history of the race. This brave sailor-diplomat, type of the best courage and executive force of England, was sent out by the English Chamber of Commerce to see what can be done to help China, not alone for England's business interests, but for the sake of all that is best in China itself. He means to visit the Chambers of Commerce in leading American cities, and will then make his report to Parliament. It may easily happen that this report will be a most influential public document, not only for England, but also for America, because it really involves the whole Oriental question, and will include most important statistics.

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Before Lord Beresford landed, I heard a prominent editor say to a reporter, "He will be very hard to manage, tight as a clam; but stick to him, and get something." As it turned out, the genial Admiral won the heart of every newspaper man by his frank, easy speech. In fact, he appears to have captured the entire city as few visitors have ever done. One can readily believe that if he had been born an American he would have become one of our famous fighting sea-captains, ambassadors, or secretaries of the navy. He belongs to that growing group of Englishmen who, while never forgetting the nation they serve, are also citizens of that greater, though invisible, republic of those who have a common language and a common literature, and who pray, work, and fight for kindred social and political ideals.

Lord Beresford is the second son of the fourth Marquis of Waterford, was born near Dublin in 1846, entered the British navy in 1859, and became a lieutenant in 1868. Since then his public activities have broadened steadily. He has commanded the royal yachts, and various war-ships; has been one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and has served on innumerable Boards and Commissions. A member of the House of Commons almost continuously since 1874, he has been returned, regardless of party lines, by both Conservative and Liberal constituencies. He has also found time to contribute valuable technical papers to leading English magazines.

Excellent as is this public service, it is his fascinating personality and his fighting record that have done most to make his name familiar in England and America. From one standpoint, he seems to be a more fortunate and better appreciated Raleigh, certain to be called to greater and still greater responsibilities in years to come; from another point of view, he belongs with those bluff, hearty old fighters who were wardens of cinque-ports and admirals of the high seas—the Blakes and Grenvilles, so dear to our hearts. Three times he has leaped overboard and saved lives at sea, once in the bleak Falklands when his shooting-jacket was weighted with cartridges. We all know how he drove the Condor under the guns of the Marabout batteries at Alexandria, and how, after the capture of the city, he organized a police force and sanitary department, much as General Wood has been doing in Santiago. We know, also, how he fought his naval brigade at Abu Klea, and rescued the Wilson party from under the Mahdi batteries below Khartoum. It is Saxon-Norman fighting stock, straight down from ancient war-dukes.

"Now fire away," said Lord Beresford, in his reception-room in the Palace Hotel, bright with California daffodils. "I shall be glad to tell you what I can; but, really, I want to find out a great deal myself from you Californians.

"American interests and possibilities in the Far East? That is what you call expansion, is it not? Every one seems to have asked me about that already. It appears to be the one living question in America. But, you see, I am now a guest in the house of my friends. This whole expansion problem of yours has become more or less of a party issue, and must be fought out at your polls. Certainly it cannot well be the business of an Englishman to interfere with remarks while you are making up your mind, or while things like this little Aguinaldo affair are happening. Personally—personally, mind you—I am glad to see American interests extending in the Pacific Ocean. It is for you to say how far you will go, or exactly what you want, or what your ultimate relationships are to be; but I have no doubt that your final decision will be a wise one.

"Do I think the Americans can govern colonies? Of course I do. Most certainly you can govern colonies. You can accomplish anything you undertake. You will learn how. In time you will do it as well as it can possibly be done. No, you will not do it in the Dutch way, or in our own way. You will learn lessons from the experience of both Holland and England.

"Is it worth while to do it, you ask? Again, that must be for the Americans to say. But England would not go back to the parting of the ways and choose a non-colonial history. You see, this is the remarkable thing, that both England and the United States of America have people of much the same sort politically, and we can draw upon much the same kind of materials for the governing forces of colonies. In England, as in America, we are devoted to the system under which we live; when

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we need them, we can drill volunteers into regulars, and fishermen into sailors of the navy. We do not have to depend on conscripts to fight our battles. If our Queen or your President needs help, the whole nation rises as one man. Now, that seems to me a very great thing; and at the present time it is especially important, because there is a struggle going on in the world between two different types of governments, and nations are taking sides according to their interests.

"I mean by this that the great manufacturing and colonizing nations want freedom of opportunities all over the world, and particularly in new countries. Strenuously opposed to them, consciously or unconsciously, are those nations that manage to save their industries only by tariffs and conscriptions. No one can blame them, for they are doing what seems to them necessary; but from our standpoint, England, America, Japan, and in the end Germany, have many interests in common; and these nations seem to represent that which is best in modern civilization.

"Do I think that China can be saved, regenerated, without a world-war? Perhaps it is somewhat late in the day to begin a readjustment of forces and a reorganization of the body politic in China, but still it is not really too late, and I believe that China will yet become a strong and civilized power. England, America, Germany, and Japan can preserve the peace of China by an alliance for free and equal commercial opportunities in the Orient. It can be done without Germany. China can be taught how to govern herself, how to raise sufficient revenue, how to quiet her internal disorders, and how to develop her immense natural resources. The policy of 'the open door' will enable America to secure an enormous amount of trade with China and with the entire Orient. On the other hand, the policy of 'spheres of influence' leads directly to rival and destructive tariffs.

"Yes, China is a great country—in some respects perhaps greater than India; but the Chinese system of government and education has been at fault. The people are wonderful, and they will develop very fast. They are honest, industrious, persevering, and gifted with keen commercial instincts. But security to business interests must be obtained in China first of all—first of all. Riots, disturbances, unequal taxation, and injustice destroy commerce. Law and order are always essential. Remember this: modern armies and navies really stand for peace, just as the open door does. I think of our navies as the guardians of the producer, the manufacturer, and the merchant.

"One lesson we have learned thoroughly about the Chinese—there is no danger to Western civilization from the opening up of China, any more than there was in the case of Japan. A great many magazine articles used to be written to prove that Chinese cheap labor could and would destroy the manufacturing interests of Europe and America. There is nothing in that notion, and no one acquainted with China and India would say so any longer.

"One thing in particular has given me great pleasure, and that is the visit I have made to-day, with Mr. Irving M. Scott and his brother, to their Union Iron Works. The builders of the Oregon certainly did magnificent work, and are prepared to do more of the same kind. No navy on earth has a better ship; no ship in existence has such a record. In fact, Americans ought to be very proud of their navy from bottom to top. Your guns, your men, your ships, your commanders, are of the right metal. Your Admiral Dewey showed absolute control of the situation; his victory was superb."

This gives the method and matter of Lord Beresford's talk as well as I can put it down. It was amazingly simple, earnest, and impressive. He leaned a little forward, smiling, or with flashing eyes, and asking genial questions in return. It is easy to see that he is one of those who charm all men by delightful manners, but it is not thinkable that he would ever say more than he really meant to on any public question.

He is built solidly, like an English oak, and his complexion is as pink and white as a child's. He says that he enjoys nearly everything in life, even interviewers, but he confesses to a deep-rooted dislike of the "snap-shotters." His energy of body and mind is enormous. Since he arrived he has done most of San Fran-

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cisco, has met hundreds of people, has been banqueted at the Bohemian Club with the officers of the Iowa, and is now to have a public reception at the Chamber of Commerce, where one of the speakers will be Professor George Davidson, head of the newly organized College of Commerce in the University of California.

The Dog that Lied

[Translated from the French of Jean Aicard]

I.

I HAD trusted him implicitly for a long time—the fact is, we loved each other. He was a shepherd dog, snow-white, with a brown marking on the top of his head. I called him Pierrot. He may, perhaps, have been the son of a circus dog; at any rate, he could climb trees and ladders and perform other odd tricks. He was fairly in love with a little wooden ball about the size of a billiard-ball. One day he brought it to me, and, sitting on his haunches, said quite plainly:

"Throw it away out on the grass. I'll find it, see if I don't!"

I did as he wanted, and he succeeded perfectly. From that time on he became positively tiresome, for he was forever saying, "Let's have a game of ball!" Every chance he got he would come rushing into my study with his ball in his mouth, and, standing on his hind legs, with his fore paws thrust into the midst of my papers, valuable manuscripts, and open books, he would exclaim:

"Look, here's the ball! Throw it out of the window and I will tear after it. It's great fun—see if it isn't! Much more amusing than your old manuscripts and novels and plays and newspapers."

Out the ball would go; out Pierrot would rush. But, poor fellow! only to be deceived, for no sooner was he outside than the ball would be laid on the table again to serve as a paper-weight. Pierrot, out on the lawn, would look and look, then, coming back under the window, he would cry out:

"I say there, you literary fellow, this is a little too much! I can't find anything of the ball. The fact is, there's nothing there. And if a passer-by hasn't taken it, then you have it, as sure as can be."

He would come upstairs again, poke his nose into my coat pockets, under the furniture, into the half-open drawers, and then, all of a sudden, with the air of a man who is struck with a bright idea, he would say quizzically: "I'll wager that's the ball there on the table."

Of course I took good care not to wager with him, for it was in truth the ball. With a quick eye he had followed my look and had found the ball. To hide it again I had to be quick, and then good-by to work! Those were lively times; Pierrot would leap after the ball, bound to have it at any cost; he would follow my slightest movement with the most agile countermotions, all the time on a broad smile—smiling in the only way a dog can; that is to say, constantly wagging his tail. Withal he was a good watch-dog, and that's worth a great deal in the country.

He often made me think of those men, changed by magic into dogs, of whom we read in fairy tales. The glance of his eye had a tender, deep, and beseeching quality which seemed to say apologetically:

"Don't ask too much of me. I am only what you see—a dog with four paws; but my heart is a human heart, a better one, indeed, than most men possess. Adversity has taught me much; I have suffered much. I suffer even this moment because I am not able to express to you, in words like your own, my loyalty and affection. Yes, I am devoted to you. I love you with the faithful love of a dog. I would die for you if necessary. Your property is my sacred trust. If anybody meddles with it, let them look out for themselves!"

II.

But, notwithstanding, we quarreled one day, and it was a bitter disappointment for me. Those who put their trust in dogs will understand my feelings. This is the way it happened.

The cook had killed two pigeons.

"I will serve them with peas," she said to herself.

She went into the storeroom to get a basket into which to put the feathers as

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she plucked the pigeons. When she came back into the kitchen, she cried out in alarm. One of her pigeons had flown, and yet she hadn't been gone from the room more than two seconds. A tramp going by had undoubtedly thrust his arm through the open window and stolen the bird. She rushed out to capture the tramp. Not a soul to be seen! Then instinctively she thought to herself, "The dog!" But, seized at once with remorse, she mentally added, "What a shame to suspect Pierrot! He's never stolen a mouthful. Why, he'd stand watch all day over a leg of mutton without smelling of it, even if he were hungry. Moreover, there he is, still in the kitchen, lazily sitting on his haunches, with half-closed eyes, yawning from time to time. No, he's thinking precious little about my pigeons!"

True enough; there was Pierrot half dozing; apparently utterly indifferent to all going on about him. I was called.

"Pierrot!"

He turned his sleepy eyes towards me as if saying: "Eh! what did you say, master? I was so comfortable. I was just thinking of the ball."

"Ah, of the ball," said I; and then to the cook: "I am of your opinion, Catherine; Pierrot did not steal your pigeon; if he had, he would be busy plucking it at the bottom of some ditch or other, you may depend upon it."

"Nevertheless, look at him, sir," said Catherine. "That dog hasn't the look of an honest Christian."

"What! would you say—"

"I say that at this very moment he has a guilty look about him."

"Look at me, Pierrot!" I said, sharply. Hanging his head a little, he at once replied, in a somewhat grumbling tone:

"Would I be quietly sitting here if I had stolen your pigeon? No, certainly not; I should be busy plucking it!"

He was serving me with my own argument. This looked suspicious.

"Look at me," I ordered him; "straight in the face, like this!"

He put on an air of indifference! There was no longer any room for doubt in my mind. I turned sorrowfully to Catherine and exclaimed:

"Ah, what a pity! it is he who is guilty. I am sure of it! It is he!"

I assure you, reader, that I am very serious when I say that what I saw in the eyes of that dog came upon me like a painful shock. I had distinctly seen there *a human lie*. It was a very complicated affair. He had tried to throw a false appearance of sincerity into his look, and had utterly failed; for it is even impossible for man to do it. Some say that woman can perform this miracle of falsehood, and yet!— As for Pierrot, he exhausted himself in a vain effort. The deep desire to deceive was, in his very eyes, struggling with the feeble show of sincerity which he succeeded in bringing into play. The unaccomplished lie was a sadder revelation of his guilt than actual proof. Nevertheless, in order to be blameless in the matter, I wanted absolute evidence.

III.

With a deceiver deception is excusable.

"Here," I said to the guilty dog, "you may have this;" and I gave him the odd pigeon. He looked at me and said thoughtfully to himself:

"Hum! This is surprising. I see you suspect me and want to detect me. Otherwise, why now give me a pigeon? Such a thing never happened before!"

He lifted the pigeon in his mouth and then slowly put it down on the ground, saying, "I'm at least not a fool."

"But it's yours," I said, "I tell you it's yours. Don't you like pigeons? Very well, take this one. Besides, I had two of them, and I needed two. I can't do anything with one. I tell you again, this is for you."

I patted him, thinking all the while: "You wretched thief, you have betrayed my confidence as if you were a mere man. You are a knavish beast!" adding aloud, "Good old Pierrot, brave old Pierrot, fine fellow!"

On this he decided to accept my gift, picked up the pigeon, rose, and went out slowly, not, however, without turning his face towards me several times, as if trying to read my real mind. As soon as he was outside I closed the door and looked out through the glass panels on the side to see what he would do. He took a few steps as if he proposed to go to some out-of-the-way place to eat his prize; then he stopped, dropped the pigeon on the ground, and pondered for a long time. Several times he turned his deceitful eyes

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towards the door; then he gave up trying to find a satisfactory explanation of the situation, contented himself with the facts as they were, picked up his pigeon, and walked off. And as he disappeared his drooping tail, which had expressed timidity and hesitation in all its motions during our conversation in the kitchen, assumed an air of more self-respect, as if Pierrot was saying, "Bah! Take things as they come! Nobody cares for me! A jolly life's the thing! *Qui vivra, verra!*"

I followed him at a distance, and surprised him in the act of digging a hole in the ground with his paws in a very lively fashion. The pigeon I had given him was lying beside the hole on which he was working; I dug the hole a little deeper myself, and, behold! there was the stolen pigeon skillfully hidden. I was confounded! My good friend Pierrot not only followed the habits of his progenitors, the foxes and wolves, and buried his food, but he followed the habits of civilized life, *and had learned to lie!* In the presence of the prevaricator I gathered and tied together some of the largest feathers of my two pigeons, like a small feather duster, and put them on my study table. After that, whenever Pierrot brought me his ball, saying with a frank and open smile, "What! working? Stop and have a game with me!" I would lift the little feather duster, and Pierrot would hang his head, his tail would droop between his legs in shame, the ball would fall from his mouth, and he would sadly exclaim: "Mon Dieu, will you never forgive me!"

"You do not love me," I said to him one morning; "no, you do not love me, for you lied to me, and lied with premeditation."

A kindly voice—whose it was or whence it came I do not know—replied: "Yes, he does love you, my friend, and you still love him sincerely. He has been sufficiently punished by this time. Let bygones be bygones."

IV.

I picked up the little feather duster, and yet on this occasion Pierrot did not seem to fear it. "You see it for the last time," I said; "thus shall the record of your guilt perish!" and I threw the thing into the fire. Pierrot, gravely seated on his haunches, watched it burn. Then, without any burst of emotion, without leaps or bounds, but simply, nobly, he came to lick my hand. A feeling of indescribable happiness filled my heart. It was the happiness of forgiving.

And in a low voice my dog said to me: "I know what you feel; I know that happiness, too. For how many things have I forgiven you without your knowing it!"

The Woods in Winter

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Firm braced, I sought my ancient woods,
Struggling through the drifted roads;
The whited desert knew me not,
Snow ridges masked each darling spot;
The summer dells, by genius haunted,
One arctic moon had disenchanted.
All the sweet secrets therein hid
By Fancy, ghastly spells undid.
Eldest mason, Frost, had piled
Swift cathedrals in the wild;
The piny hosts were sheeted ghosts
In the star-lit minster aisled.
I found no joy; the icy wind
Might rule the forest to his mind.
Who would freeze on frozen lakes?
Back to books and sheltered home,
And wood fire flickering on the walls,
To hear, when, 'mid our talk and games,
Without the baffled north wind calls.

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The Prayer of Self

By Priscilla Leonard

One knelt within a world of care
And sin, and lifted up his prayer:
"I ask thee, Lord, for health, and power
To meet the duties of each hour;
For peace from care, for daily food,
For life prolonged and filled with good;
I praise thee for thy gifts received,
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,
For near and dear ones spared and blessed,
For prospered toil and promised rest.
This prayer I make in His great name
Who for my soul's salvation came."

But as he prayed, lo! at his side
Stood the thorn-crownèd Christ, and sighed:
"O blind disciple,—came I then
To bless the selfishness of men?
Thou askest health, amidst the cry
Of human strain and agony;
Thou askest peace, while all around
Trouble bows thousands to the ground;
Thou askest life for thine and thee,
While others die; thou thankest me
For gifts, for pardon, for success,
For thine own narrow happiness.

"Nay; rather bow thy head and pray
That while thy brother starves to-day
Thou mayst not eat thy bread at ease;
Pray that no health or wealth or peace
May lull thy soul while the world lies
Suffering, and claims thy sacrifice;
Praise not, while others weep, that thou
Hast never groaned with anguished brow;
Praise not, thy sins have pardon found,
While others sink, in darkness drowned;
Canst thou give thanks, while others nigh,
Outcast and lost, curse God and die?

"Not in my name thy prayer was made,
Not for my sake thy praises paid.
My gift is sacrifice; my blood
Was shed for human brotherhood,
And till thy brother's woe is thine
Thy heart-beat knows no throb of mine.
Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see
Thy birthright of humanity!
Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear
The world's dark weight of sin and care;
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,
And in thy brethren learn to live."

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In March Weather

By Ernest Ingersoll

Illustrated from photographs by Clarence Lown

MARCH is not the most pleasant month in the year for a walk in the fields or woods, yet it is not wholly without attraction to the lover of rural scenes, and has the advantage of concentrating his attention upon a few things. There is now ordinarily neither the picturesqueness of the snowy winter landscape frozen into silence and immobility, nor the beauty and luxuriance of summer. Yet a sunny day offers much to the eye that is inspiring: it is worth while to examine how Nature spends her leisure.

The season is neutral-tinted. The distant hills, the low meadows, the fallow ridges and bushy pastures, are all dull purples and browns; a grove of mixed hardwood trees at a distance appears greenish-white below, dusky among the branches, and reddish at the top, where the sunshine is reflected from the new growth of twigs and sprouting buds; and the shadowy side of a group of evergreens forms a mass of black.

Under the trees the ground is carpeted with a layer of leather-covered old leaves and pine-needles, beaten flat by the flail of the rain and the pressure of snow; and where roily water has soaked into them we often see precise impressions in the mud, reminding us of, and explaining, the perfect casts of leaves common in some rocks, especially those of the coal-measures. The taller dead grass and reeds out in the meadow are less closely matted, and beneath their sheltering arches small animals have crept about all winter, finding plenty of seeds and small fruit, shaken to the ground for their provender.

Here and there through the wet fields go mysterious paths, without definite beginning or end, often so faint as hardly to be followed. When were they trodden? By what men or animals? Why were they deserted for the new, muddy ones, where the last ice is now melting, and left to be reclaimed by patient Nature, who never becomes discouraged when men destroy her work, but persistently seizes the first opportunity to repair the damage done and restore the uniform wildness?

After a light snow in March these trails stand out with great distinctness and

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reveal themselves, where in summer they could hardly be traced. Now they offer the best footing, but lead nowhither. Whenever we step out of them we trip and stumble, our clothing is seized by innumerable detaining thorn-fingers, and the soil, left spongy by the frost, sinks elastic and oozy beneath our tread.

Poking aside the leaves and grass on this warm hillside, where spherical swarms of minute flies are going through a mazy dance in the air, many herbs may be found already green and making ready to flower in the earliest spring, such as the hepatica, the cinquefoil, violet, and strawberry; but most of the leaves and runners of the last are varnished with rich burnt-brown tints as though japanned.

In the swollen but crystal-clear brooks, flowing at the foot of the slope among the weeds with a gentle tinkling sound, the aquatic ranunculus and the water-cress are glowing with emerald foliage, and we discover a few cylindrical cases of young caddis-flies anchored to the submerged stems of the plants. The mosses and little ferns on the bank are green, and where the meadows have been overflowed the alders are so full of embryo blossoms that their branches seem loaded with purple fruit.

Although the woods are so silent at this early season (whenever you are beyond hearing the frogs), echoing only occasionally the odd, jerky soliloquy of the scrambling little nuthatch, the cheery voice of the chickadee, and perhaps the boastful scream of a bluejay, there is a large aggregate of feathered life abroad in March, even before many migratory birds have come. Several of the birds of prey, and often the ravens and crows, are already breeding. The snowbirds and tree-sparrows linger in the pastures; the large, handsome, fox-colored sparrows appear; the cedar-birds whirl in and out of the red cedars and eat their purple berries greedily; a few song-sparrows dodge about the fence-rows, and little woodpeckers are hammering here and there wherever they can find a dead limb that may possibly conceal some undiscovered grub, or will, at any rate, reward them with a cheerful tattoo.

These, and the early migrants from the South, find an abundant harvest preserved for them in the meadows and wood-pastures, despite their desolate appearance; yet, considering the minuteness of the grass-seeds upon which they mainly feed, it is appalling to think what an enormous number of bites a bird must take to make

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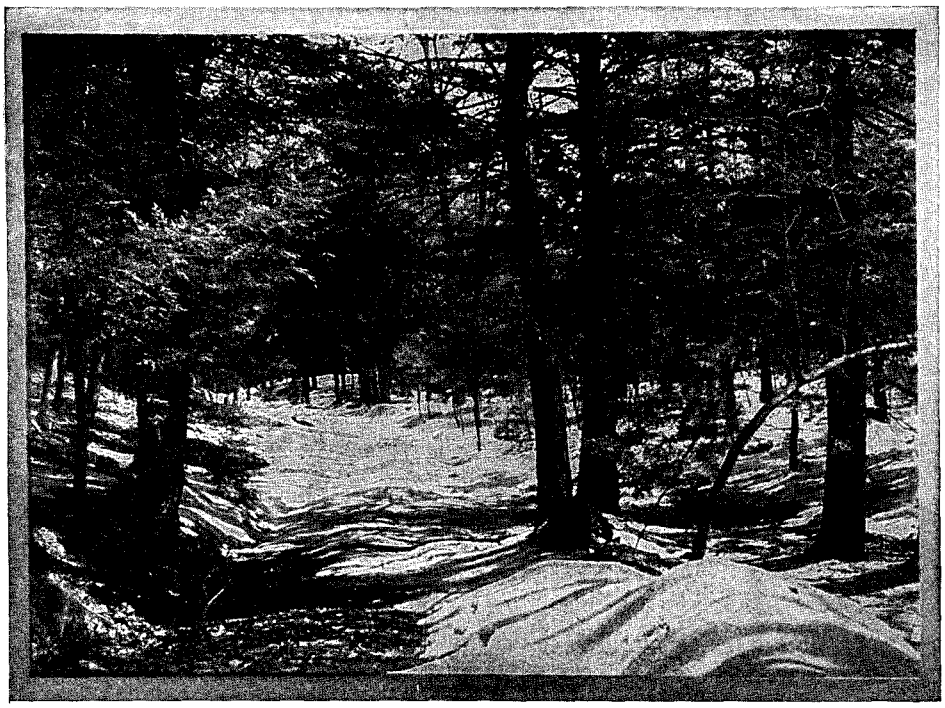

out a dinner! But larger mouthfuls have been kept for them. The bayberry, or false myrtle, gleams with dense clusters of greenish-white berries; the close, somber foliage of the juniper, or savin, is enlivened by innumerable purplish berries, upon which all the birds nearly gorge themselves sometimes; black alders, "glowing with the brightest scarlet fruit, and resembling at a distance pyramids of flame," are scattered about the lowlands, while on higher ground the stately mountain-ash repeats the scene, witches or no witches.

Sometimes, after a considerable interval of warm weather has melted away all traces of winter, and we fondly think its forces have been permanently beaten back, a heavy snow-storm will return, and then a new scene presents itself to the rambler. On the night before, perhaps, mock-moons have been hung in the glowering sky, and next morning the sunlight will struggle down silver-gray through blustering winds and thickly flying snow. As, with bent head, I force my way into the fields, the air about me is full of light, and nearer objects are clear enough, but at a comparatively short distance little can be seen distinctly, although the white light seems continuous; and the receding town becomes more and more a beautiful shining ghost of architecture, washed-in flat, as painters would say, with luminous tints gradually fading away to nothing, yet never losing their transparency.

At first nothing is perceptible but the deafening gale and smothering snow, until presently I come to a ravine on the leeward side of a hill, where a grove of cedars is overgrown and tied together with squirrel-brier, while weeds and thorny bushes below are tangled into almost impenetrable thickets. Here is a hospice for the buffeted birds, and as soon as I step into its shelter, and catch my breath again, I begin to hear dozens of them, though not one is yet to be seen. Another plunge forward in the slippery drifts, and, lo! a robin bursts out of a leafy covert at my elbow, scattering wingfuls of snow from the brittle old leaves, and springing a harsh alarm that instantly hushes the twittering gossip.

What a queer, pretty picture it is that greets me as I turn my back to the rushing flakes, and so get my eyes open to look at it! Beyond a wide swale, that yesterday was gold and green but now is glistening wintry white, rises a small eminence where a dissolving view of trees and buildings is momently formed, then hidden, then brought out again, mirage-like, in the most curious and dreamlike unreality,

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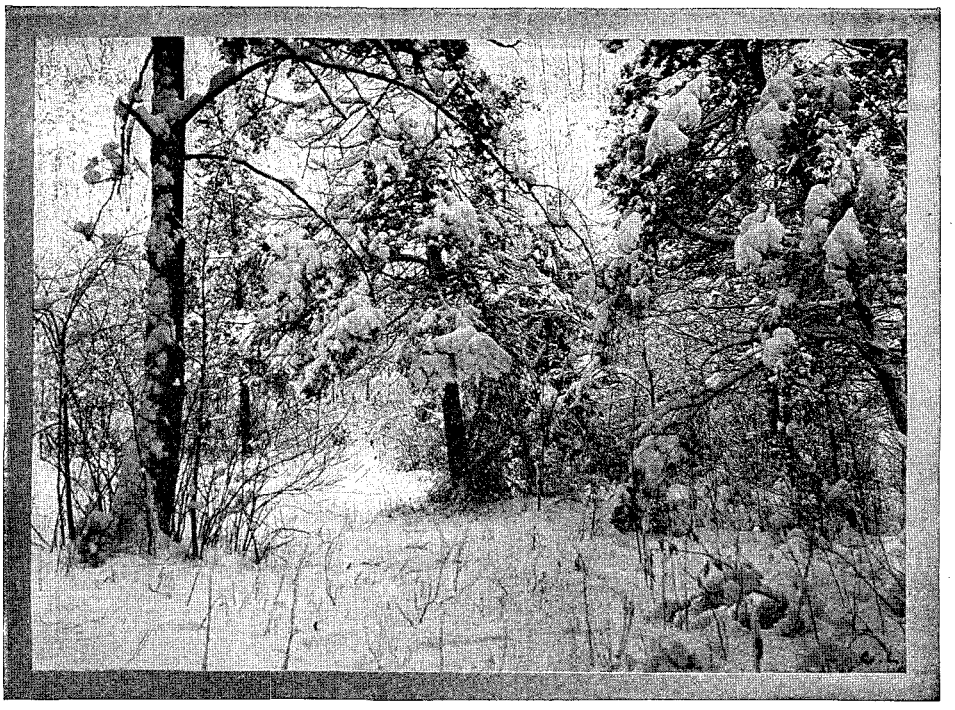

yet always with singular beauty. Gray is the only color—a soft, purplish, silvery gray; and the silhouette the only style of drawing. By their outlines I guess that that wavering slender spike amid the glistening haze is the church steeple—that squarish blur the belfry of the court-house—the next irregular smudge a certain collection of house-roofs; but all seem as foreign and unsubstantial as shadows, so quaintly are they now clouded, now lightly revealed, by the swirling, satiny snowflakes that fill the air with particles luminous in themselves yet obscuring the landscape.

Suddenly, dark midgets attract my attention, and, pulling my cap over my eyes, I wade out into the meadow where weeds and grasses stand thick above the snow. Tough and elastic are these thin old plant-stems that have kept their erectness all winter; and wild parsnips by the hundreds are holding up their hands with fingers clustered to catch fistfuls of this late cloud-bounty, like children in the earliest autumn flurry, eager to welcome the coming of sliding and snowballing.

Gleaming merrily among these weeds, whose capsules still hold a treasure of seeds, romps a company of sparrows, amicable and industrious. The largest and most conspicuous, of course, are the juncos, whose notes have so metallic a clink that once or twice I am deceived into thinking the distant hammering in a blacksmith's shop is their chatter in a new direction. Their slate-colored coats, buttoned high across the breast over white vests, like old-fashioned dress-suits, look positively black amid the purity of their surroundings, and they trot about nimbly on top of the snow, dragging their tails so as to leave a well-marked trail. With them are active, chippering field-sparrows, so small and colorless as to be hard to follow in the murk of the storm; a single olive-hued goldfinch, silent and unhappy; and —*phut!*—out from between my feet bursts a song-sparrow, scattering a fleecy spray like a torpedo. I stoop down and probe the hole. It is a well leading to a long tunnel beneath the bent grasses, and arched by thick snow. Twenty birds could hide there, safe and warm; and at its further end I find a half-made nest, soaked and sodden, yet well worth finishing, no doubt, after it has dried. This submersion must be a frequent mishap to this and other early birds, which catch something besides worms in our mutable climate; but had the owner gone so far as to have been sitting on eggs, doubtless she would have kept at her brooding and

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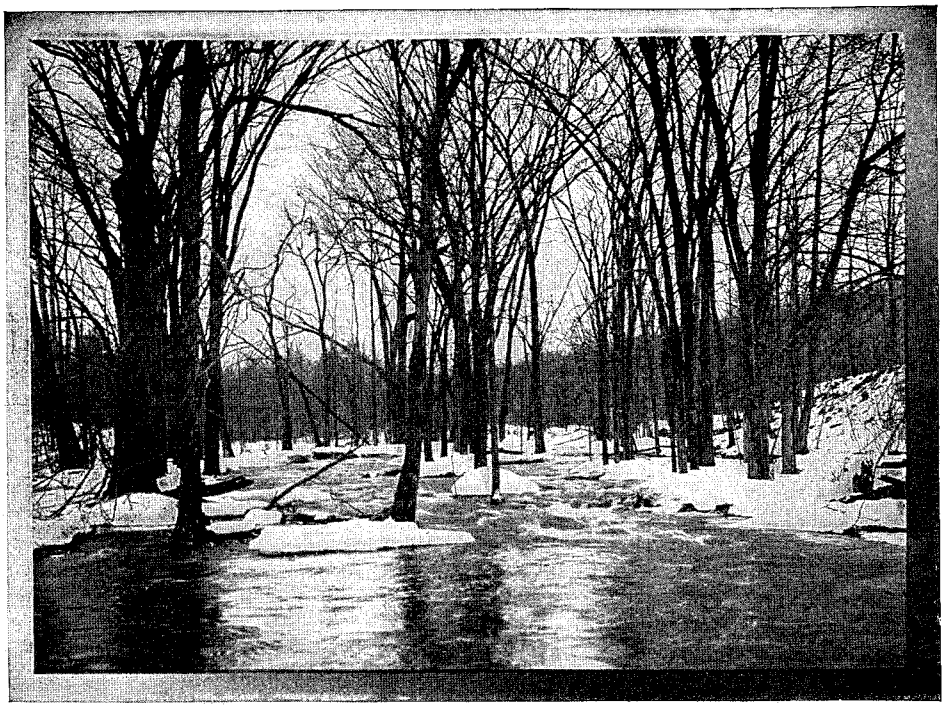

let the snow form a crystal canopy over her and her hopes.

I followed those plucky meadow-birds that day perhaps two hundred yards, wading through the snow and matted herbage, and I thought it fun. It gave a new view of everything; and the rascals paid so little attention to the bad weather that I would have been ashamed to shirk it. Then up the hill I went, through briers and brush and laden trees, fairly floundering in the snow, hearing but not seeing a crow whose querulous tone betrayed an almost despairing loneliness and disgust, and then struggled across a bleak upland, where winter came and went at thirty miles an hour, to a road that wormed down through a shady cutting to my copse.

Here was shelter, and the birds knew it. I saw one fool of a robin (robins are mostly fools) hunched up, shivering and disconsolate, on an exposed twig where he could hardly keep his balance, as though he didn't care whether he lived or died; but all the others had stowed themselves away in snug crannies under the overhanging crest of the bank, or were wading in a little runlet at its foot, seeking food, or roosting comfortably beneath the thatch of dense cedar-bushes, and they swore vigorously at me when I dislodged them in my attempt to learn where they were and what they were about.

Finches abounded, too, searching the bark of tree-trunks for hiding beetles and insects' eggs, plucking at old flower-heads for seeds, nibbling the dried purple fruit of the brier, chirping and chatting cheerily, but never singing—except one sort, which kept high up in the tree-tops. It sang a bright, sweet, warbler-like lay, not often repeated, but breathing the spirit of sunshine and summer and green leaves in a way wonderfully inspiriting in this whirl of cold and snow. The delicate notes fairly sparkled as they eddied away with the flakes, and probably were those of the tree-sparrow—a Northern cousin of the chippy.

During March the buds swell with sap and new energy; many forest trees begin to flower, to the delight of the kinglets and white-throated sparrows, some even before they put forth their leaves; and patches of meadow and hillside grow emerald-green with new grass, and are dotted with delicate blue and white and yellow flowers. The bluebird seeks its mate; the robin has already found one, and begun its nest; the song-sparrow is caroling to his love from every brush-pile; the

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swamp is vocal with the rollicking notes of the crow-blackbird and redwing, and marsh-hawks are again coursing low over the meadows in search of mice and the awakened frogs.

Such vernal rejoicing is often interrupted, nevertheless, by an ice-storm—one of the most disagreeable incidents of this month of many moods. A day of rain will come when the temperature is low enough to freeze most of the water as it falls, and the result is that the ground, the windward side of buildings, fences, tree-trunks, and all other exposed objects, are soon perfectly glazed, and each leafless twig is incased in ice. When, as frequently happens, such a day and night are succeeded by a clear morning, and the bright but feeble sunlight is reflected from thousands of burnished, crackling twigs, as from a forest of glass, the scene is a very striking and beautiful one; but the weight of the accumulated ice often causes vast damage to shade and orchard trees—one of Nature's rudest methods of pruning.

Such ice-storms occasionally happen as late as the last week of March, by which time all animal life has begun to stir about and many birds have arrived, so that widespread distress and death are likely to follow. The little birds can usually shelter themselves, though migrating hosts sometimes become so soaked and chilled in such storms that they are unable to fly, tumble helpless to the ground, and may be caught in the hands. The larger birds fare even worse. Credible instances have come to my knowledge of eagles and swans—the strongest of land and aquatic birds respectively—becoming so plumage-soaked and loaded with ice that they could not spread their wings or rise into the air, and have thus suffered the humiliation of being taken alive or knocked over with sticks.

I recall one such season when a tempest of freezing rain had raged for thirty-six hours, though it was quite time for winter's savagery to cease, even in stern New England.

Next morning it was hard times among the wild animals in the grove, and worse out in the country fields. Seeds and buds were locked in icy chests, and the insect stores, packed away for safe keeping under the bark and in various crannies, were sealed beyond the reach of the most persistent beaks. The field-mice found that their tunnels, bored just beneath the leaves while the snow covered them, were battered down; and the squirrels dared not venture along their slippery runways in the tree-tops, nor risk a leap from branch to branch.

The house at that time was surrounded with big trees, relics of ancient woods now almost engulfed in the growing town; these were inhabited by a large colony of gray squirrels, besides a few red ones. I could see, here and there, a head poked inquiringly out of a hole, or peering from the door of one of the little cabins lodged among the oak limbs; but not a single furry acrobat would trust himself to those glassy twigs, and I thought I could detect an anxious expression in their big black eyes, as if they wondered how they were going to get any breakfast.

The squirrels had to endure their fast, but for the birds something might be done. So we cracked a handful of nuts, broke some corn into grains, and threw these and the table-crumbs out by the door. I had actually seen no birds about, save a band of bluejays and a group of English sparrows which had dwelt in the wood-pile all winter. But in a very few minutes a plentiful company came to our table, including some whose presence I had not noted before, evidently newcomers. There were song-sparrows with black ephods; the big-headed white-throats, and their brethren with the jaunty caps of black and white; the chestnut-crowned tree-sparrows; a goldfinch, still wearing his dull winter suit; a whole host of snowbirds, in white waistcoats with ivory bills and pink stockings; nuthatches, chickadees, and, most beautiful of all, the purple finch.

This last is one of our most confiding and prettiest birds. The male looks as though he had plunged his crested head deep into the juice of dead-ripe strawberries, the rich syrup of which had trickled down his breast, staining rosily the white feathers, and had poured over his back into a pool near his tail.

How did all these little beggars learn so quickly that alms had been spread for them? Where had they been hiding? Whither did they disappear next day, when the sun had come out, the ice had melted, and not a bird visited my lunch-counter?

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Four Living Portrait-Painters

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

THE recent visits of M. Carolus-Duran to America have served both to extend his deserved popularity and also to emphasize the distinctive art of which he is a master. His aim and style, followed by French portrait-painters, may be called the objective. The beautiful is sought and realized for the beautiful alone: the goal is art for art's sake. A Frenchman does not preach a moral sermon from it; he does not tear the soul out of art, as do the subjective artists. He finds his whole duty and delight in the reproduction of nature by means of his own individual technique. In this M. Carolus-Duran is as good an example as any. His drawing is carefully bold, his brush-handling unlabored; above all, his color is wonderfully vigorous and vivid. Take the Velasquez-like child, "Beppino," for instance. One of this painter's best works is the portrait of his wife. France has honored itself by the acquisition of this exquisite picture, and it now hangs in the National Gallery of the Luxembourg, near the artist's equally celebrated "Lilia." In the Museum catalogue it is called "La Dame au Gant," as Madame Carolus-Duran is pulling off a glove from her left hand. The other glove has already fallen on the floor. She has apparently just come in; she has not yet removed her hat. The figure is full-length, and is painted as if walking across a room, the head being lightly turned and the eyes glancing as if for an instant at the spectator. Nothing could be more graceful than this pose, and the whole composition is as rare a union as any of the vivacious and the restful. In color it is certainly a change to a quieter symphony from the painter's usual boldness of tone. So specially gorgeous, indeed, is the color in most of his pictures that it has become his chief distinguishing characteristic. His canvases gleam with such a bewildering dazzlement of the shades of sapphires, rubies, topazes, opals, amethysts, that we fancy his own mind must itself be a constantly changing kaleidoscope. Yet his portraits are never ephemeral or trivial. They are lovely physical creations—and there they stop. Delicious as is their eye-delight, let us be satisfied with it. Their creator has not always been fortunate in his subjects; for the most part they seem self-conscious; they are thinking about the pose. This rather reacts upon the artist himself, and we begin to fancy him, too, as a bit self-conscious and self-complacent. His studies, however, are so frank, sincere, and altogether charming—why does he not go a step further, and give them a bit of poetry? Is he only a man with a marvelously quick and sure eye for every æsthetic effect? Is he only an artist with individual style a-plenty, but nothing more? We end by looking at the unduly accentuated and glowing gowns and curtains and embroideries in his portraits rather than at the heads themselves. At the same time, all this elegant environment is a relief from the entire literalness which includes no emphasis on beauty, nor even the quest for it.

If M. Carolus-Duran has been more successful with his portraits of women and children than with those of men, the older and more eminent M. Léon Bonnat has been more successful with men than with women, and has produced noteworthy studies of the most distinguished French personalities—Thiers, Dumas, Jules Ferry, Jules Grévy, Pasteur, Carnot, Cogniet, Aimé Millet, Cardinal Lavigerie—a collection as notable for historic value as for artistic worth. M. Bonnat does more than mere brush-work; he instructs the world by word also, for he is the honored Professor of Painting at the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts. His pupils admire the fine, intelligent head—as good a subject for painting as any—with its white hair and beard, its grave and serious expression, above all the self-poise of one who knows well what he is talking about. M. Carolus-Duran has also had much success as a teacher. Strangely enough, the prodigal colorist comes from the north—he was born at Lille in 1837; while M. Bonnat, who is more famous for his drawing than his color, comes from the warmer south—he was born at Bayonne in 1833.

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"LA DAME AU GANT"
By Auguste Émile Carolus-Duran.

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For forty years he has not failed to send a canvas to the annual Salon exhibition. The State has secured three of his best portraits for the Luxembourg—namely, those of Léon Cogniet, his master and predecessor in Beaux-Arts membership; of Aimé Millet, the sculptor; and, most striking of all, of Cardinal Lavigerie, late Primate of Algeria.

M. Bonnat brings to his later portraiture the strength of his success in *genre* and historical scenes and in figure pieces. His drawing is grandly forcible, but at times his color strikes one as being somewhat raw, especially just after the sight of one of M. Carolus-Duran's portraits. M. Bonnat's emphasis on light and shade makes his subject stand well out from the canvas. His works are minutely studied, and he has a thorough mastery of detail, thus differing from some other realists. Few portrait-painters have ever had greater facility for crystallizing all sorts of physiognomy, and the Bonnat characterizations always have as much veracity as force. Like that of Herr von Lenbach, his genius is noticeable quite as much in the treatment of hands as heads.

The qualities which unite these French realists are a genuinely Gallic gayety, vivacity, acuteness, harmony, proper perspective and proportion, objectivity. No matter how grave and reverend the Signor-subject, these distinctively French qualities are evident. Take, if you please, the Lavigerie portrait. It is that of a Roman Catholic prelate in his robes of state. He sits there before you, comfortably, solidly, but not stolidly; first of all a great physical object. He looks at you frankly, laughingly, even jokingly; but have a care: it is a great ecclesiastic who jokes; and now you seem to see a sterner gaze out of eyes environed by expressive wrinkles, and you begin to feel the coldness of steel armor underneath the warm robes. The Primate's substantial self is clothed in black and tied in, so to speak, by a wide sash of red silk. On either side falls his Cardinal's purple gown. His right hand, on one of the fingers of which gleams a ruby, rests on the arm of his chair and holds a pen; the left hand is lying on his breast near a gold crucifix. The hands are masterly, yet somehow they suggest paws. The intelligent yet bull-like head; the sensitive nose; the splendid white, mane-like beard; the rather sardonic yet hearty expression—all this combination of the animal in one of the best men and keenest minds would be enough for most portraiture. The painter, however, has added various accessories: an Arabic inscription above the Primate's head, and a double cross against the wall; some huge volumes lie on the ground, and there is a table covered with papers and a map of Africa, upon which rests the Cardinal's hat. Impressive as is this portrait, its image on the mind is not entirely a lasting one. The work has been wrought in masterly style; but of what permanent good the style without some soul?

If English portrait-painters are not the equals of the French in the above technical excellences (which are also French national traits), no more can they repress in art their own national simplicity, somberness, self-sufficiency, nobleness. To the world at large, in its search for beauty, English portraits may not be so acceptable as French, but they appeal more to the individual; they are generally subjective rather than objective; they have more poetry and less prose; they give greater play to the imagination; in short, they are more spiritual.

If, however, there is any painter bridging the gulf which separates the arts of France and England as emphatically as the Channel separates the land, such a man may be found in Professor Hubert Herkomer. Four decades ago, a pale, delicate child, about ten years old, came to England. His parents had already taken him to America from his birthplace near Landsberg in Bavaria, for the uprisings in '48 had made it impossible for them to live longer in the Fatherland. The expected fortune had not been found in the New World; its streets were not paved with gold, even though the mines of California had just been discovered. Hubert's father and uncle, carpenters of artistic instinct and intelligence, were only able to keep their heads above water; but already the boy was showing marks of genius, and his father must make more than a mere livelihood in order to give his son needed advantages. If America was a disappointment, perhaps England would not be; and the family set sail for Europe. Thus to British glory we lost one who would have stood in the

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very front of our artist-ranks. In later years the son's success was ample compensation for his parents' endeavors, but he never allowed his onward strides to separate him from them. He provided a home and workshop for his father and uncle in his own fine castle of "Lululund" at Bushey, which the great prices he receives for his portraits enabled him to build. This splendid residence represents the actual personal decoration of the two old men as well as of the owner himself. The massive central keep is called "Mother's Tower;" while on the bank of the river Lech in Bavaria, near the old home, the filial artist has erected another memorial tower. Professor Herkomer's mother was a talented musician; and so marked is his own musical ability that, if he had not devoted himself mostly to becoming a great painter, he might have become notable in another field. As it is, he has composed works of no mean merit; he is an accomplished virtuoso and conductor. More than any other artist, indeed, he is a versatile modern Leonardo; he is painter, sculptor, architect, poet, musician, actor, manager, machinist, decorator, director, and professor. This last dignity, the appointment to the Slade Professorship at Oxford, succeeding Mr. Ruskin, is nevertheless no more highly prized than is his directorship of the school at Bushey, where many persons have established themselves, studying and working under his direction and breathing a veritable art-atmosphere. Here he gives active and practical expression to his Oxford lectures. The students now form quite a community by themselves, and Professor Herkomer has created a village of artistically planned cottages for them near his own home.

The first thing that strikes us in the Herkomer portraits is the apparent approach of the figures from the canvas. We do not go to them, they come to us. One reason for this is the nakedness of the backgrounds. Not only is there an entire absence of accessories; there is not even a foundation-color rich enough to attach itself to those of the figures and detract from them.

The second thing we note is the muscular repose of the subject. It is never a merely idle repose. Head, shoulders, arms, neck, bust, figure, all speak, not only of British blood and brawn, of virility, solidity, tenacity, but also of that eternal "unhasting, unresting" which has made England great. Thus the poses of his subjects are singularly natural—so natural, indeed, and so assured, as sometimes even to suggest Hals himself. Higher praise than this there can hardly be. That great Dutchman, whose only rival was Rembrandt, was not excelled even by the painter of the "Night Watch" in sureness of touch. In drawing, brush-handling, coloring, Mr. Herkomer seems equally at home; and he approaches the French because his technique, especially in color, is so admirable. On the other hand, in the individuality of his portraits, and in their expression of inner, more intimate life, he is English indeed.

The entire contrast to French objectivity, however, is found in the works of the octogenarian, George Frederick Watts, one of the most stimulating personalities of this or any age. He was never a studio student, in the sense of absorbing much from other men's teaching or other men's works, and he remains a somewhat inferior technician. He was independent from the start in methods as in aims. He was determined that his work, whether good or bad, should at least be as permanent as he could make it. Accordingly, he would not weaken its durability by any old-fashioned mixing of colors. He laid them on side by side whenever he wished a union of two shades. His work thus often seems spotty, muddy, though sometimes he produces a lambent color only to be compared to a dusty opal. His color has long been the target of critics, who also reproach him with drawing only as he paints. Nor do they fail to add that the abstract conceptions of his symbolic canvases enter at times into his portraits. There is a vagueness which distresses those used to a Bonnat decision and precision of line and color.

While the young Watts was thus persistently following out his own bent in painting, he was even more noteworthy in proclaiming a new and altruistic philosophy and practice. He was one of the first to give effect to that splendid socialism, as far removed from the extremes of collectivism as from the smug bigotry of the epoch when a new John the Baptist began preaching and painting in the wilderness. With the late William Morris,

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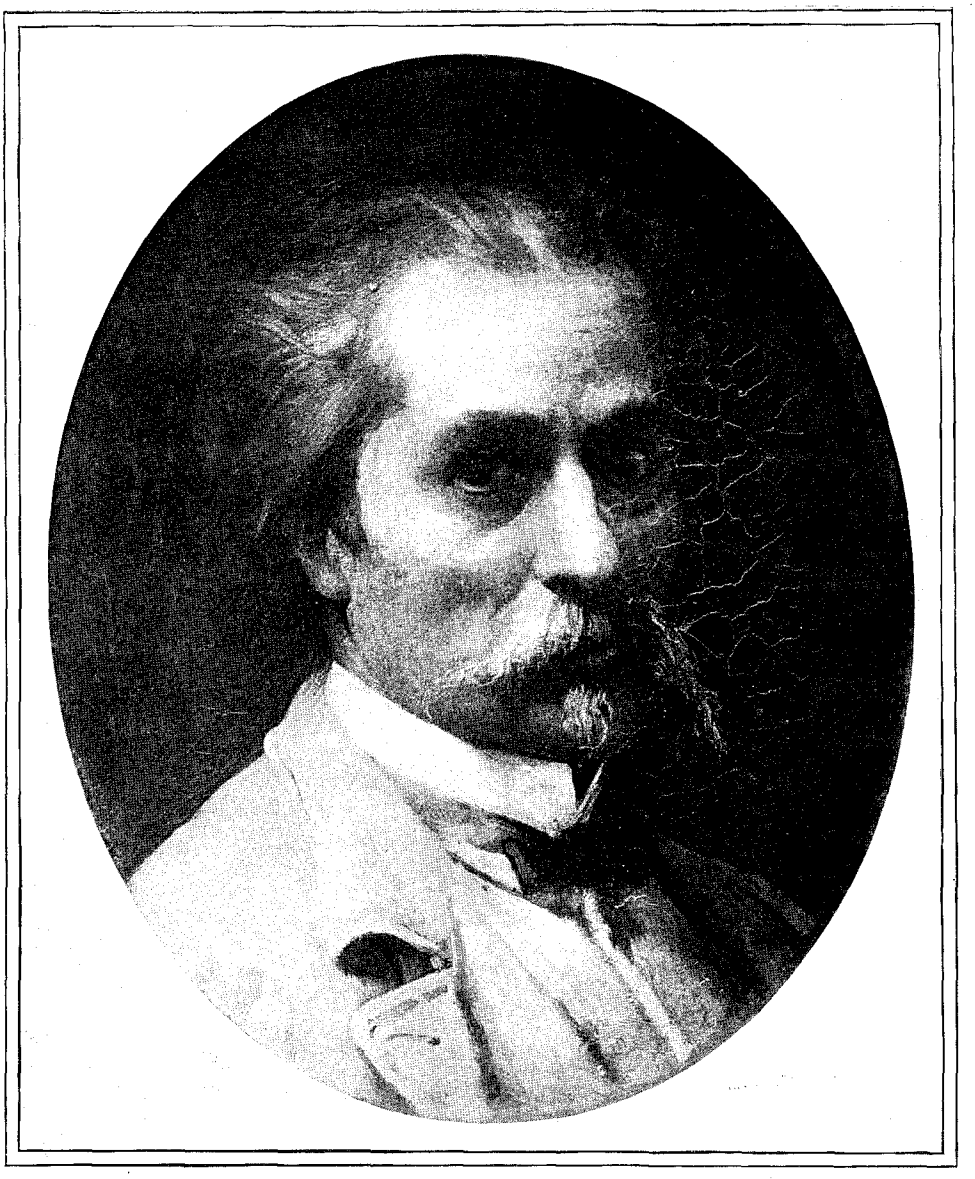

AIMÉ MILLET

By Léon J. F. Bonnat.

he believed that, as it would be a shame for a rich man to eat copiously in the midst of the starving, so it is a shame that only an artist, his friends and patrons, should enjoy what he has realized. Therefore, proclaimed he, art should be brought to those who cannot or do not come to it. Such places as railway stations, courthouses, churches, and museums, should be decorated with frescoes, for there all the people can freely enjoy them. To make his deeds speak louder than his words, the young artist offered to decorate the great waiting-room of Euston Station (the terminus of the London and Northwestern Railway) with the "History of Cosmos." The sapient directors refused their permission. A parallel to this unappreciation occurred in later years when, to our shame, a place in the White House was refused to the noble picture which Mr. Watts had generously presented to the American people. Nothing daunted by his first rebuff, the painter sought and

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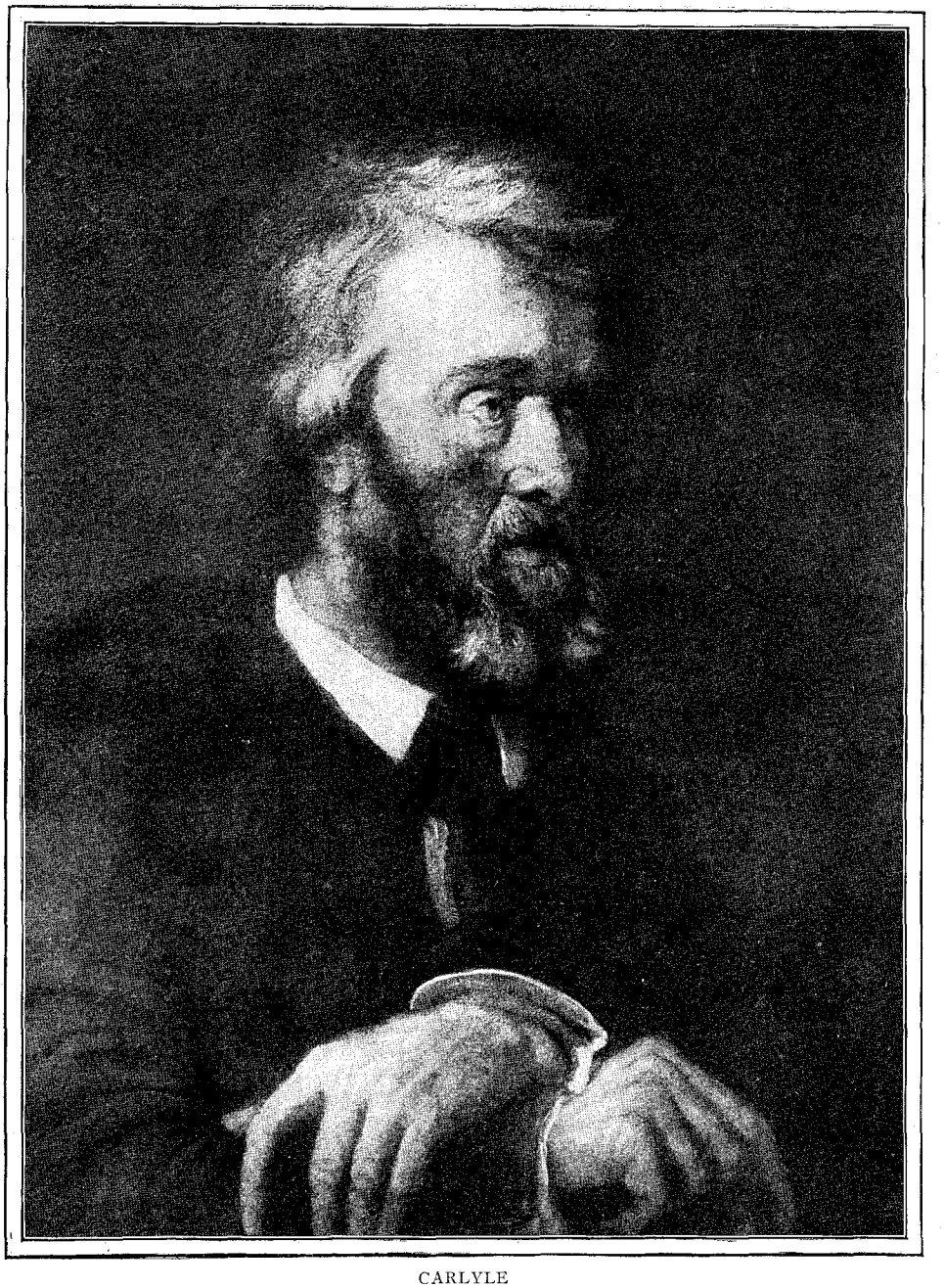

CARLYLE
By George Frederick Watts.

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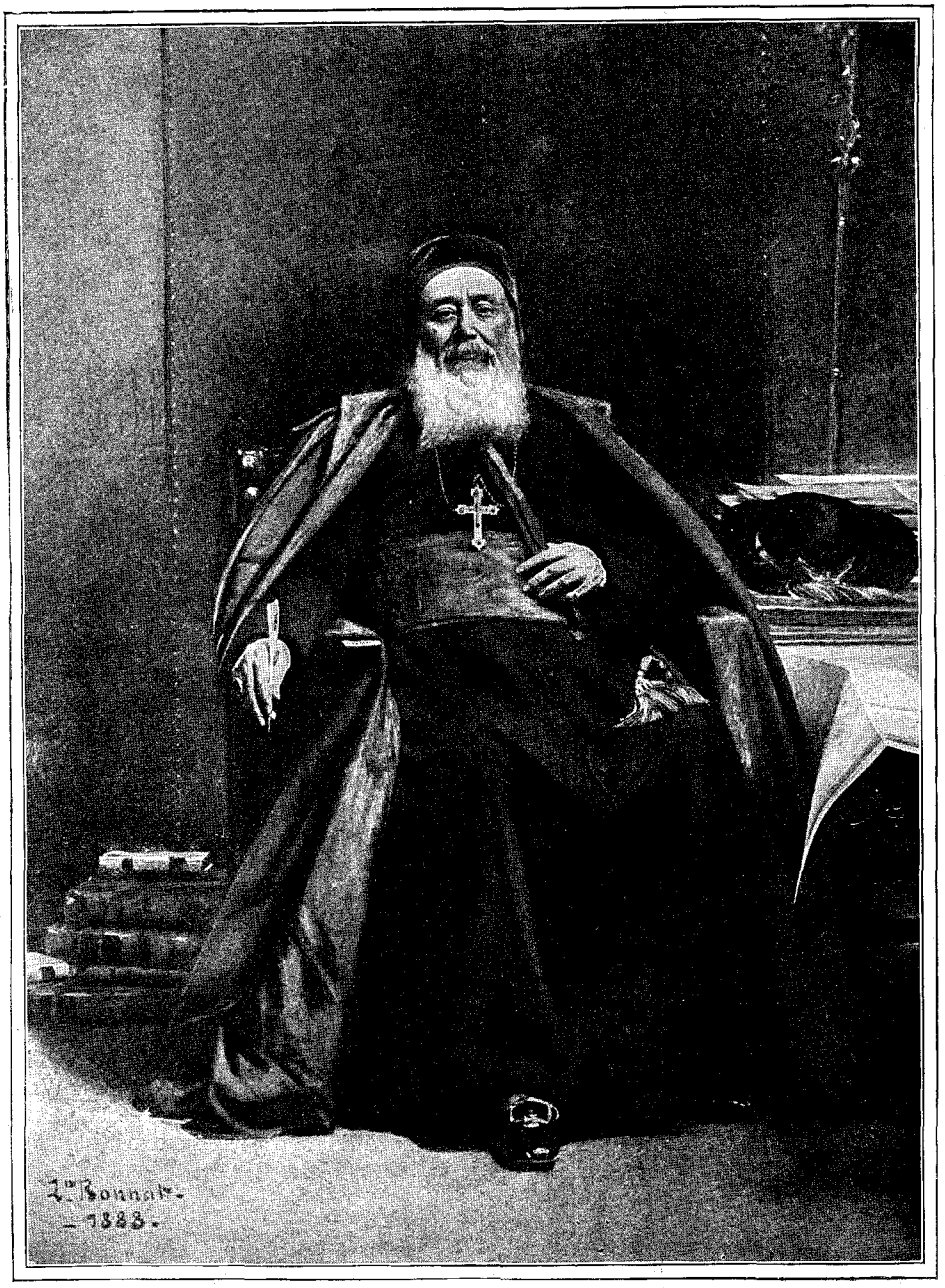

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE
By Léon J. F. Bonnat.

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obtained permission to decorate the new Hall of Lincoln's Inn. What he might have done for the education of the throng who daily pass through the railway station may be gathered from his frescoes in the lawyers' hall, and from those in the Church of St. James the Less. When our artist began his preaching, great public walls in London, which every one could see, were undecorated; now, among others, there are not only Mr. Watts's frescoes, but the equally remarkable ones of Mr. Walter Crane at the South Kensington Museum and of Sir William Richmond at St. Paul's.

This, however, was only half the task. Art would be doubly enforced, said the reformer, if things that every one uses showed artistic endeavor—such intimate environments as tools, utensils, door-knobs and knockers, lamps, stoves, chimneys, chairs, tables, cupboards, wall-paper, and pavements. True, the Venetians and others had long since lessoned the world in this regard. If, however, in politics England had progressed by centuries further than other European nations, in art the Continent had seen the rise and fall of the mighty Italian, Flemish, Spanish, and Dutch schools, while, before our painter's day, England had produced hardly an artist of first-rate originality save Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner. Still less was there any attempt to bring art to the masses. When Mr. Watts began his crusade, British household gods and goods were heavy, unlovely, of the earth, earthy; now they show the talent expended on them by the best artists—himself, Burne-Jones, Herkomer, Morris, Crane, Richmond, Holiday.

The man who, more than any other, has accomplished these two reforms stands before us not only a true altruist and idealist, but also one of the most eminent of living portrait-painters. He is distinct from his fellows in that we feel in all his works not so much any good or bad technique as his own attitude of mind. Here again he is an idealist, and first of all in his subjects. If we realize this foremost in those suggestive, symbolic canvases, "Love and Life," "Love and Death," "Paolo and Francesca," "Sir Galahad," and the rest, we feel it secondarily, but almost more forcibly, in his portraiture. Such subject-heads as Carlyle's (though the Sage of Chelsea declared that he was painted like a mad laborer), Gladstone's,[1] Walter Crane's, and Tennyson's were ideal. The last named, his friend and neighbor, he painted half a dozen times. The poet had projected for his last volume a poem descriptive of his admiration for Mr. Watts's pictures and of their common love of the yellow crocus. Tennyson once asked the painter to describe his notion of what a true portraitist should be. The reply so impressed the poet that he embodied it in the "Idylls of the King:"

> As when a painter, poring on a face,
> Divinely, thro' all hindrance, finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and color of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children, ever at its best.

That is the way our painter paints his portraits. He sees the best in life, he paints the best, he brings the greatest good to the greatest number.

When the venerable artist does a portrait, he gets more by listening to his sitter and talking with him than by looking at him. He knows that some one trait must differentiate each subject from all mankind, and he talks and listens until he has discovered it—a something never to be found merely by looking. Such a method cannot fail to produce strongly marked individuality in each canvas.

Again, he prefers certain subjects not for themselves alone, but because they are types. He might almost say here, as he does of his other work: "I paint ideas, not things." He seeks typical nobleness before he seeks beauty. When we see one of his portraits, we note first of all the individual man, and then we note something more—the universal man. We have at once the individual and the type—a union rarely realized elsewhere. This largeness of view is just as much a Watts characteristic as is lightness of touch. He works with a spirit as broad as it is elevated. He does more; he communicates it to any one beholding his pictures; for from the work of what other portrait-painter do we receive such inspiration? We feel that the man himself must dwell in a lofty mountain-sphere of intellect and soul.

The chief charm of these canvases, however, is that they live. They live

[1] See May, 1898, Magazine Number for illustration of this portrait.

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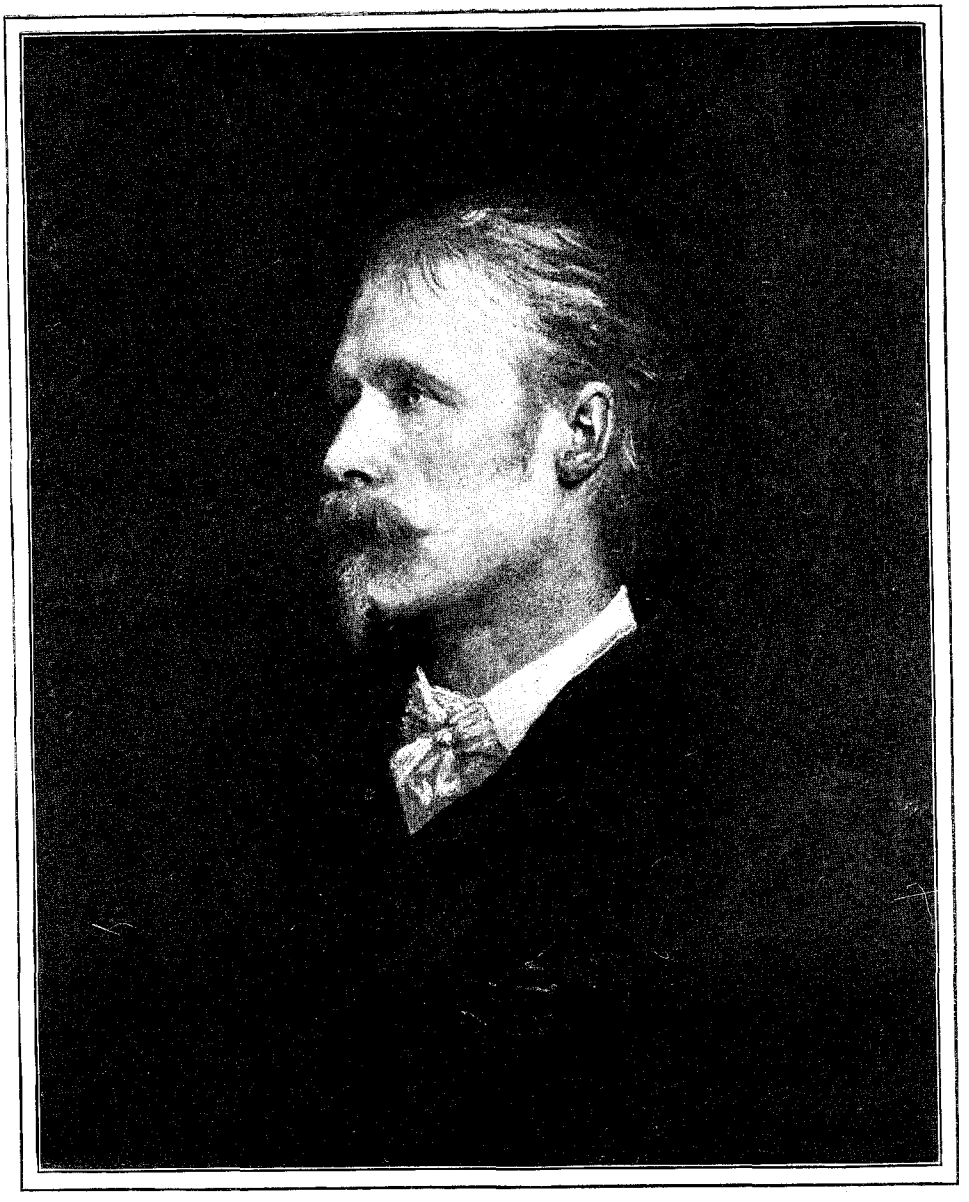

WALTER CRANE

By George Frederick Watts.

physically as well as spiritually. The portraits are no wax figures; the heads are painted against no apparent background—whether warm, like that of the French artists, or cold, like Professor Herkomer's. The Watts heads have, in one sense, no background at all; they are *surrounded* with atmosphere. This patient, persistent shadow-effect, this trembling vaporousness, this twilight of tone—in short, this atmosphere—transports us, not out of the world, but into it. Thus a subjective painter accomplishes objective aims. His portraits are not forced upon the sense as are those of MM. Carolus-Duran and Bonnat, or even those of Mr. Herkomer. We learn to know and love the Watts subjects as we do the real people all about us; for the most part not suddenly, but slowly, and with the quiet dignity becoming an acquaintance that daily deepens into something very much like actual friendship.

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"BEPPINO"

By Auguste Émile Caroius-Duran.

Such creations have been put forth by one whose rare modesty has kept him from accepting a baronetcy, or the presidency of the Royal Academy, or the many other honors offered to him. The austere loveliness of his life is reflected in that of his work. Even about his achievements he is characteristically self-effacing. Says he: "To work with all the heart's energies, but also with all the heart's simplicity, that is duty, and whoever does it has the right to be content, whatever be the result of his labors. If I have served to show the way so that others will do better, I shall be satisfied, but I do not count upon my work's being found great in itself."

The result of all is that the Watts portraits are individual, universal, and characteristic of the painter's personality both in aim and method. Among living portrait-painters Messrs. Herkomer, Bonnat, and Carolus-Duran have made great names for themselves, but even in modern art there may be a few names standing in absolute, not relative, rank. If so, one of them is likely to be that of George Frederick Watts.

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The Rosary of San Antonio

By Katharine P. Woods

THE setting sun, in his descent behind the wide prairie, had drawn bars of translucent orange across the ethereal blue of the Texas sky. Towards the cloudless zenith climbed the crescent moon of December; the mesquite-bushes had lost all but a few of their long, needle-like, waxen-green leaves; here and there the yellowish green of the prairie was broken by the darker green of a clump of prickly pear, or the glow of a few red cactus-berries. There was nothing left of the beauty and voluptuous fragrance of the catclaw save its long brown branches, armed with pitiless thorns. A flight of curlews towards the south, and in the north a lurid glow above a dense bank of blue haze, promised more than a capful of wind before morning.

Over the smooth, hard road from Domingo, the county town, came a two-horse buggy, bowling along with the steady, sure swiftness which Don Cunningham's bays could maintain for a thirty-mile stretch—a speed which stood in no real need of accentuation from the sharply lashed whip, swung at fullest sweep of Don Cunningham's powerful arm. And their driver knew it. The shrill whistle with which he occasionally cheered them on was all the encouragement they needed; in fact, the whiplash scarcely touched them; their very gait showed enjoyment of their own free, swift motion. The swing of the arm, the snap of the lash, and the occasional smack of the lines on their strong brown backs were partly characteristic of Don Cunningham and partly a Texas manner of driving, thoroughly in harmony with the exuberant vitality, courage, and endurance of Texan life.

Tall, strong, and muscular, brown as a Mexican from the sun and wind, with a spare, keen face, a mustache bleached lighter than his skin, and the brilliant blue eyes and flashing, defiant smile of a mediæval berserker, Don Cunningham was a man from whom one might expect anything, even conventionality, when it suited his purpose; but chiefly he prepared one to expect the unexpected.

His acquaintance with the man who sat beside him was but a few hours old, and the speculations of each concerning the other would have been very pretty reading could they have been put on paper. For the one was absorbed in a futile endeavor to formulate, satisfactorily to his previous experience of human nature, the mental and moral make-up of this man, who had undertaken, through the representations of a mutual friend, to become his host for the winter; while the other speculated what in blank this consumptive divinity student, broken down in the midst of his seminary course, was likely to make of himself, Don Cunningham, and of people and things in West Texas. He relished in anticipation the effect of the "language" which the "boys" were most unlikely to restrain, since this unfledged "padre" could not claim the protection of a cloth to which he was not yet entitled; he looked forward to the new moral ideas his guest was likely to acquire; to his probable discovery that good was less white and evil less black than the East was accustomed to paint them, and with equal pleasure to the return of the hues of health to the pale, grave face beside him. For Don felt a kindly interest in all things human, even a preacher, and his practiced eye had noted certain signs and tokens in Edward Boyd whence he concluded that consumption, like the padrehood of his guest, might still be averted by an out-of-door life and timely precautions.

"I don't drive too fast for you, Ned?" he said presently.

He had resolved to call the young man Ned from the start, in order to put down any symptoms of "brag" or "biggity" on account of his incipient rights of clergy; but he would have felt it indelicate to inquire more plainly whether the pace at which they were going was too severe for weak lungs.

Boyd turned his fair, still face, with a smile on the thin lips and a sparkle in the thoughtful gray eyes, that answered the question; and the Texan continued, without awaiting further reply:

"If your hair and teeth are fastened on

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pretty tight, I guess you can stand it. It's queer, anyway, about you parsons; you ain't no more alike than so many cowmen."

"What a blessing that we are not!" said Edward Boyd; "what would life be worth if one had to fit one's self to a pattern?"

It was Cunningham's way to be too much engaged with his own train of thought to attend very closely to the replies of his interlocutor. Otherwise, in connection with Boyd's previous history, the young man's words might have revealed to him a nature peculiarly sensitive to the very influences that were likely to be brought to bear upon it. As it was, he went on with his story, as if his guest had not spoken.

"Now there was old Parson Lee, the fighting parson, as we used to call him; it's a fact that he could outride, outswear, and outdrink 'most any man in West Texas. But when he called 'Halt!' the boys fell into line, you bet; and that's so! Oh! he did lots of good. But some of 'em—Say, did I ever tell you 'bout the time I fetched home the Methodist soul-doctor to baptize my family?"

"Not in all the time I have known you," said Boyd, gravely. He had not flinched at the "soul-doctor," for it had seemed to him—from a faith, more or less well founded, in his own ability to understand the dealing of Providence with himself and his friends—that his studies had been broken in upon for some wise purpose; and if that purpose were that he should act as missionary to this wild country, it behooved him not to begin by being too scrupulous.

Cunningham smiled gleefully.

"Well, sir," he said, "all the family I've got is one kid; but *as* a family, so far as it goes, it's *all* right. And when that kid had the croup, m' wife she was as much put out as if there was a dozen of him. So she got onto a notion that he had to be baptized, if it took the whole of West Texas to do it. Well, I hated the worst way to leave the kid; but if he was a-goin' to live, baptizin' wouldn't hurt him, and if 'twould give him a better show in the next world, I didn't grudge the trouble; and the doctor was on hand, anyway, and likely to stop as long as the grub lasted. So I jumped on Greased Lightning—this is him, this near horse—and away I went, with a lariat coiled on the pommel of my saddle, to round up all the parsons in Tom Green County, and cut out the one with the Methodist brand on him. Git ap, there!"

The whip whirled madly and came down upon the flank of Greased Lightning, seemingly with force enough to cut him in two, while Cunningham's daring blue eyes stole a look at his companion.

"Well, sir," he continued, pleased, yet half disappointed that no comment was offered, "I tore up the whole face of the earth for a thirty-mile radius round Domingo, goin' round and round the town, and widenin' the circle every time; and at last I got the man I wanted. He was drivin' what I knew to be a pretty good team, for they was a pair of grays that m' wife had coaxed me into sellin' him for about half-price. And there he was, goin' just the right way to ruin 'em, joggin'along, about a mile an hour, with the reins on his knee, the whip in the stock, and his blamed old eyes fixed on the heavenly Jerusalem.

"Says I, 'Hello, parson! you're the very man I want.'

"Says he, 'Brother Cunningham, I hope I see you well. How is Sister Cunningham? and how is the dear little lamb whom the Lord has intrusted—'

"'Blank it to blank,' says I"—Cunningham did not spare Boyd the exact expression used—"'they're all dead, and you're a-goin' to the funeral. Whip up them horses lively now.'

"'The Lord forbid!' says he; and he gethered up the reins so fumblin'-like that it turned me cold all over. So I never said a word, not even the kind you don't care to repeat, but I just stepped into the buggy, took the reins in one hand and the whip in the other, and set out to beat the record, with lightning tied on behind. And as I took my seat, the parson he says, says he, 'Brother Cunningham, if they are all dead,' says he, 'it is a grievous visitation, but where is the need of haste?' for you know I've got the name for bein' a kind of reckless driver in this part of the country. Don't know how it happened, but that's so!

"Well, I didn't make no reply to the parson's remark, except to slap the horses with the reins right on top of the back. The wheels hit all the high places, you bet, but most of the time they just seemed to whirl round plumb up in the air; the

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parson he held on for dear life to the side of the buggy, and he didn't say much, but what he did say was kinder jolted out of him. Like this—

"'Dearbroth-er Cunning-HAM, theneckof the horseyouhave *tied* be-HIND will assuredly be BROKEN!'

"But he never got a word out of me till we came in sight of my house. Then, when I see m' wife standin' at the window with the kid in her arms, says I—'Well, parson, seein' you kept your seat so pretty, maybe we'll have a christenin' 'stead of a funeral,' says I.

"And he says, says he, 'Brother Cunningham, when you sold me them horses, I fear I got the best of the bargain. I never knew what a fine team they was till you took an' drove 'em,' says he.

"Hello! that's my outfit! But you Manuel! What the ——"

These exclamatory remarks were called forth just as the bays reached a point where two roads met at the ford of the Concho. That to their left had been hidden by a long, smooth swell of the rolling prairie; they were now able to see that along its course came, slowly and lumberingly, a team of six sturdy mules, harnessed in pairs, and drawing three low, white-topped, heavily laden wagons. The whole was driven by a tall Mexican, with the beautiful, irresponsible face of a child, beside whom sat a boy of perhaps ten years, with a pitiful, deformed figure, a crutch at his feet, and on his brow the cares of thrice his age.

It was evident, even to Boyd, that, at sight of his employer, Manuel had seized the reins from the boy, in exchange for the guitar that now lay across the child's knee; he was not, therefore, surprised at the language which Cunningham permitted himself; and only questioned the good-natured laugh which quickly followed.

"You smooth-tongued fool," he said, "you know mighty well that if I had been at the ranch some other fellow would have gotten the job. I would not trust a white man to bring such a load as that from Redwood, with no help but the boy's."

"Ah! he helps much, the little Jesusito," said the man.

Boyd had sprung to the ground to examine the freighter's outfit, but had paused by the side of the boy, vaguely attracted by the large, pathetic eyes.

"Hhesusito?" he said, inquiringly; for, though a fair student of book-Spanish, Mexican names and ways were strange to him.

"In your American, it says, 'little Jesus,'" answered the child, with soft gravity.

A singular impulse came upon Boyd; his hand involuntarily sought his coat-pocket, encountering there an object which his fingers recognized. His journey to Texas had been by the sea route to Galveston; and he had visited several of the towns in that section of the State before seeking his winter home. In San Antonio he had found himself just in time for one of the innumerable Mexican holidays; and as a memento of the occasion he had purchased a rosary, to the telling of which were attached, by the blessing of the Holy Father himself, many privileges, both celestial and terrestrial.

Boyd had experienced humorous doubts of the personal acquaintance of the Pope with that particular rosary; but its purchase had been followed by scruples of conscience yet more unwarranted. For he doubted whether it were right to hold, as a toy or a curio, something which to another might have been a sign of faith and a means to devotion; and at the sight of the Mexican boy's small brown face these doubts suddenly crystallized into the impulse which led him to place it in the little hard brown palm. When he had done so, his heart was lighter, and the radiant countenance of the child, the sudden glory that flashed into the large trustful eyes, made him ashamed.

"Ned," said Cunningham, as they drove on, "I hope you don't object to cussin'! It's such a blame habit with me that I don't hardly see how I could stop, unless ladies are present, you know; and, by George! that's as much a habit as the other! But—well, it's like this. My religion is like my family; mighty little of it, but what there is is the right kind. And from what I see of you, your religion is cut off the same piece, only in larger quantity. So if cussin' really does hurt your feelin's, just say so, and I'll name it to the boys."

Boyd tried faithfully to say the right thing without appearing sanctimonious. Perhaps he would have thought even less well of his success than he did, in this

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particular, had he noticed a certain quizzical look which presently mingled with the gravity with which Cunningham listened; but in his heart was a great joy, for he felt that his views of Providence were borne out by the facts, and that his mission to West Texas was well begun.

The blazing sun of January shone high overhead; the fitful breeze lightly stirred the long yellow blades of the Johnson grass, or rustled those, still crisply green, of the clumps of Spanish dagger; to the right, a long ditch, flecked with patches of green slime, crept round the wide fields of the truck farm—fields now enjoying a brief January vacation. To the left, the clear waters of the Concho splashed and sang over the innumerable pebbles of the ford; beyond was a faint track of wagon-wheels, representing the road to the ranch-house. On the further side of the river, so as to be away from the precious slope of land watered by the irrigating ditch, a long line of adobe huts, of one room each, formed the homes of the Mexican laborers, who, reckoned by families, thrice outnumbered the number of the huts. On either side of the river the pecan-trees were leafless and bare; but a mingling of dwarf cedars maintained the green tint of the landscape and afforded cover to the game—or perhaps the hunters—which might there seek refuge. And, on the edge of the farm-land, Edward Boyd, with his coat off, and a new glow of health upon his cheek, lent vigorous aid to the construction of a tent and the laying down of a dancing-floor for the "*baile*," which, in celebration of a harvest unusually abundant, Cunningham had resolved to give to his "friends and employees."

The scene was one of busy preparation; pits were dug everywhere, in some of which were baking *calabazas*, or pumpkins; in another a beef was barbecuing over the glowing embers; *frijoles* and *tamales*, the latter in their corn-husk overcoats, were boiling in emptied gasolene cans, while similar vessels stood ready for the forthcoming coffee. And, with their stone mills and molding-boards, the Mexican women were preparing *chile* for the soul-searching *chile-concarne*, or rolling out the crushed maize into the flat, thin cakes called *tortillas*.

Boyd, with the new, glad life throbbing in his veins, rejoiced when the sun-rays slanted across the prairie, sparkling in the clear, dry air, and when the last nail was driven into the smooth boards of Texas pine. With a boyish run and slide to test the quality of his work, he stooped to laugh into the small, dark face of Jesusito, who had remained with him, the last of all his helpers.

"Done, Jesusito, and well done," he said; "a floor to put life into a tailor's dummy. And I'm hungry, boy, hungry! Think of that! Will not Mateo of the wooden leg spare me a cup of the finest coffee in the world? Have we not earned a supper, you and I?"

His speech was Spanish, correct though slightly halting; he had already learned to understand the patois of mingled Spanish and Indian in which the boy gravely and categorically replied:

"Earned? But the señor needs not to earn; he is lord of all here. Chiquita will be happy if she may bring him to eat."

A bent, brown old woman who stood near the entrance of the tent assented, with a flash of her bright black eyes and a smile, to the words of the boy. There was a scarlet shawl over her black matted hair, and an orange petticoat clung about her withered limbs.

Boyd threw himself at full length on the ground to await her return. The air was like spring.

"To think," he said, "that in my home, Jesusito, they shiver around the dismal openings from a ghastly furnace! Horrible!"

"It is because the señor is absent," said the boy. "The señor is like the sun; all are happy on whom he shines."

Boyd laughed; but in his glance there was a vague trouble.

"If that were true—" he began.

"But it is very true," said the boy. "For behold all that is come to Manuel, my Manuelito. Is it now needful that I, the small Jesusito, watch over Manuel, lest he touch his mandolin to the neglect of driving his mules? But Manuel is now become very diligent; and it is a very fine new house that he has built him down by the ford."

Again Boyd laughed, but with the same strange uneasiness.

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"A very fine new house indeed, Jesusito; two whole rooms, and of the best adobe in West Texas. But it is true that two rooms for two persons must seem most luxurious, compared with one room for twelve or sixteen or twenty people. How long Chiquita is about that coffee, by the by; can she be waiting for the coffee-beans to ripen?"

"Hardly, señor; seeing that no coffee grows on Haygrito Farm," said the boy, seriously. "But for the house of Manuel, the señor knows that it is not two rooms for two persons, but for three. It is Rosita for whom builds, not alone the hand of Manuel, but his heart also; for Rosita will live in no house but one that is fine and very beautiful. Ten times in the day do I say the rosary for the señor's health and happiness; and other ten times for Manuel, that Rosita may come to the house by the ford, when she has stood with him before the priest and become his wife."

Boyd did not answer.

"And it is true that the Blessed Mother, and also the saints, must surely hearken," continued the boy, drawing from the bosom of his ragged shirt the rosary which Boyd had brought from San Antonio; "for the good and holy sisters of the school, yonder in Domingo, tell us they are full of mercy. And, also, they say, señor, these good sisters, that the saints will gladly hear the prayers of a little boy who is lame; and with this holy rosary to help, blessed by our father the Pope, the thing is certain. Therefore I pray always for the señor, because he is very bright and good; for Rosita, because Manuel loves her; and for Manuel, because he has only me."

And still Boyd was silent.

"Rosita, also, though she is indeed very beautiful, has been, as the señor knows, badly brought up," continued the child, with his grave, dark eyes fixed on the young man's troubled face; "her father was Americano; not like the señor, but wicked; and Rosita has learned many things at the tall school-house there in Domingo, things that are not the acts of the saints, nor the truths of our holy religion. Therefore she wishes for freedom that is not for women; yes, and also she has laughed in the very face of our holy father, the priest of Domingo."

"There comes Mr. Don," said Boyd, using the name by which Cunningham was known to his Mexican neighbors; "it must be nearly time to go home; will you go and hurry Chiquita?"

"Hurry Chiquita!" said the ranchman, who had reached them in time to hear the last words; "I'll give you four bits, boy, if you work that miracle! Sit down again, Ned; why do you walk about like that? Are you possessed of seven walking devils, or have you just got something on your mind?"

Boyd complied by throwing himself again upon the earth.

"I don't know about the devils," he said; "but as to mind! I begin to doubt whether I have got one."

Cunningham glanced at him keenly. Then he took from his pocket a penknife and a handful of pecans, upon which he set to work, cutting off each end with a single strong, dexterous stroke, while a third divided the nut into accurate halves.

"You should learn to sit on your heels, Ned, Mexican fashion," he said, as the kernels fell from his hands with rapid, machine-like regularity. "There's reason in it, as there is in most of the things we do in this country. Try some pecans; it's the finest crop we've had for years. No? Well, it's your loss.

"Doubt if you've got a mind? Well, that's what's the matter. You've had nothing *but* mind, all your life; now you're finding out your body.

"Yes; and as I was saying, these Mexicans are dirty, lazy dogs; but there's a reason for most of their customs. Jealous as the devil, you know; you'll see that in their way of dancing to-night. Watch the couples; the girl never lifts her eyes to her partner's face, or, if she does, somebody takes the chances of being shot. Oh! of course I don't allow whisky and six-shooters on the ground; but still, accidents will happen. And a man would be a fool to risk getting blown full of holes, just for the sake of one dance with a girl."

Boyd's reply was only a nod; he seemed disinclined for conversation. Cunningham, however, stood in no need of assistance. He had now begun eating the nuts as rapidly as he had opened them, without offering the slightest impediment to the flow of his words.

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"So far as I am concerned, I shall dance with Chiquita," he said, "and I've invited some pretty nice American girls to give you a chance of a partner—"

"I don't dance," said Boyd, briefly.

"Glad to hear it," said Cunningham, with equal terseness; "from what I heard, I thought you'd been practicing, lately."

"It's a shame," broke out the young man, with sudden fierceness, "that a girl who is capable of better things should be condemned to this life! I have been practicing with Mrs. Cunningham, as you know. There was no secret made of it; or that I meant to dance to-night with—but even the innocent pleasure of a single evening is forbidden—and because of an idle, worthless—"

"If you're talking of Rosita with your better things," said Cunningham, calmly, "I call it a pretty fair job to turn these half-breed kids, hereabout, into good American citizens, by means of their a–b, abs, and the multiplication table. And that's the job she's undertaken; though, Lord knows, she hasn't seemed capable of that, let alone anything she can find that's better, for the last few weeks."

"She is restless and unhappy," said Boyd, half-sulkily; "she has lost her hold upon the faith that was her mother's. She needs a wider horizon, a freer atmosphere—"

"Good Lord!" said Cunningham. He stood erect, stretching wide his long arms; he filled his chest with the clear, dry air, and expelled it sonorously; then he sat down again on his heels.

"You'd better change your mind, Ned, and try some pecans," he said; "if you were a girl, now, it would come easy to you. Yes; girls are skittish, we all know that; they have more whims to a minute than you and I could follow in a year. But these Mexicans are jealous, largely because they know their own women. Yes, that's right. It's very largely because they know their own women. When I first come to West Texas, Ned, I had no more sense than a bobtailed burro; and one time when there was a *baile* over at Kickapoo, I danced all night with the one girl, just from pure cussedness, to spite her Mexican lover. He was a two-fisted kind of a chump, aimed at me in the middle of a dance, and shot the girl. Didn't even kill *her;* and the blame little fool married him soon after.

"Now I shouldn't be afraid exactly of that sort of thing happening here to-night. In the first place, it's against the laws of Texas to carry concealed deadly weapons; and Manuel can shoot pretty straight anyway. But, you take my word for it, Ned, it's always the girl that suffers by that sort of thing. However, it's a free country, and you can please yourself."

"Free?" said Boyd; "yes, it's free enough for us men; too free, perhaps; God knows. The lawlessness of it gets into a man's blood and he forgets— But look at your women and at their lives. Bake, broil, stew, and sew; there's all of it! No mental stimulus, no companionship! And everywhere else, all around them, the women are doing their part in the world's work, bearing full share with men—"

"Exactly! And if you examine into it, Ned, you'll find that 'everywhere else, all around them,' the sensible ones, like m'wife, keep up their lick day and night, and the fools whine for a wider horizon. Well, Ned, here comes your coffee, at last; I wish you a good appetite, as the jailer said to the man that was going to be hanged that morning. I suppose you'll go home with me to supper? You'll want a wash and another coat, if you mean to dance with Rosita.

"I ain't a patriot; patriotism don't flourish in flat countries; but I would like to know what better, more patriotic job that little darn fool could want than the job she's got; and where she'll find a freer atmosphere than right here in West Texas."

He turned on his heel, but paused in the act of going.

"I have your father's address," he said; "in case of accident, I suppose you'd want your remains shipped home. The coyotes are pretty bad around here."

Chiquita and the boy were surprised to hear Boyd break forth into inconsequent laughter.

"Your health, Señora Chiquita," he said, as he tossed off his coffee; "what a pity that I am half a padre; else I might hope for the honor of a dance to-night. No doubt you agree, however, that it would hardly be in character! But don't

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fancy for a moment, I beg of you, that I fear the coyotes!"

Whether or not because the last weeks had revealed to him the existence of new and unsuspected territory in his own being, Edward Boyd stood beneath the starlight of that Texas night in January with a strange, new sense of nakedness. He felt "bare to the bone" beneath the hemisphere of stars that overarched him; oh! so many stars! not mere "patines of bright gold," as Shakespeare saw them in his northern island, but globes of lambent fire, whence long, keen rays—Ithuriel spears—pierced him through joint and marrow, to the very ground of the heart.

The waning crescent of the old moon climbed among them tranquilly enough, intent only on reaching the point of her going down at the hour appointed her; nor to the rest of the world did the stellar canopy appear to offer any spiritual inconvenience. For there was mirth and jollity, though of a grave and sedate character, both within the tent and without it. Around the long tables of uncovered plank, supported on trestles, the light of flaring, torch-like lamps, set here and there among piles of white bread, flashed back from the cups and plates of new tin and the dark, bright eyes set like gems in the brown faces of the convives. The features of these were mingled of the widely differing races whence they sprang—Spanish and Aztec, with here and there a trace of the African—in all degrees of comeliness, from hideousness to beauty. Some had the height and stateliness of the Indian, added to clear olive skin and liquid brown eyes that could darken with passion or sparkle with fun and vivacity; others were swart and squat, with features whose indescribable repulsiveness recalled gruesome tales of Torquemada and heretics burned alive; of captives tortured under the burning African sky; or of prisoners sacrificed, on the summit of pyramid temples, to the glory of the Mexican sun-god. And between these extremes were all gradations of feature, coloring, and expression.

They ate, as they danced, in silence; chiefly they drank, what Boyd had not very unjustly called the "finest coffee in the world;" then faces and figures melted away into the darkness, and new combinations took form in the flaming torchlight. Here and there sounded the loud, cheerful voice of Don Cunningham, greeting, ordering, inciting to renewed energy and enjoyment.

Boyd stood as if spellbound, gazing into the dancing-tent. Close to the canvas walls were rows of benches crowded with muffled figures and dark, attentive faces. Babies, rolled in brilliant or dingy blankets, lay asleep at their feet, upon the hard dry earth; now and again one or another was trodden upon by a careless passing foot, and broke in upon the music of the dance with a loud remonstrant wail. At the head of the tent, on the raised seat of the musicians, the face of Manuel Aldoret was marked out by a certain vivid intensity, a childlike enjoyment of his own music. On all the scene fell the light of the torch-like lamps; the smoke drifted in whirls across the tent, and escaped through the openings in the canvas roof. Through one of these the moon gazed down with silvery tranquillity.

Jesusito could not spare even a glance for the moon; her clear rays shone straight down upon the tangled mass of his hair, and illumined his dark profile, as he gazed, rapt and motionless, into the face of Manuel. He was far from comprehending the ecstasy that possessed him, as the wild, sweet music thrilled through the soft night air, and the tread of the dancers fell, beat with beat, in absolute accord. A moment ago Rosita had smiled on Manuel; in his bosom the holy rosary lay warm against his heart; and those long brown fingers of his brother's seemed tangled in his very heartstrings.

The spell of the music floated out into the night and touched the soul also of Edward Boyd, even while he strove to escape it by analysis of its power. It was, perhaps, the spontaneity of it, he thought, that made it so take hold of one; the strains, so wildly and plaintively gay, had become, by use and heredity, a part of the consciousness of dancers as well as players; hence the perfection of the *tempo;* hence they played and danced without notes or words of direction; and hence the undeniably strong psychological effect upon himself.

And even as he thus thought, the rhythm of the sensuous, softly swaying waltz

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melody got into his blood, and translated itself into words in his brain. Their nature awoke in him a certain self-contempt; he therefore gave himself seriously to their elaboration, and strove to take pride in the lines as a purely intellectual effort.

O come, dear love, and dance with me!
This night at least is ours;
With morn shall shine the glaring day
On a prairie bare of flowers.

But thou art mine, as I am thine:
This night at least is ours;
And 'neath our dancing tread shall spring
Love's swiftly fading flowers.

Poor as they were, the verses, being his own, pierced him deeper than the waltz music. He moved slowly away from his post, and stood beyond, in the shadow of the tent. Near by a group of men, wrapped in blankets up to their necks, sat on their heels in a circle on the ground, and sang wild, irregular melodies, sometimes in unison, sometimes bearing all four parts, in a harmony suited well enough to the vast, mysterious prairie and the uncounted wilderness of stars.

And even these had wandered from their accustomed places. Orion seemed the guest of honor at the celestial banquet, with sword and baldric freshly burnished for the occasion; while the pole-star, however bold and brilliant, lingered hesitatingly at the door of the stellar tent, having abdicated the place where Boyd was wont to think of him—the station, overhead, of the master of ceremonies.

And if heaven and earth alike were changing, passing away from the old faiths, why not—?

—There was a touch upon his arm; the eyes of Rosita were brighter than the starlight; the whiteness of her filmy robe was whiter than the clear, pale moon.

"You are angry," she said; "it is why you have not claimed the dance I promised you."

(*"But thou art mine, as I am thine:*
This night at least is ours!"
Well, why not?)

"And you gave me flowers"—he could not see how her eyes shone under the starlight—"beautiful yellow flowers; see, I have them here." (For, indeed, they shook stormily above the beating of her heart.) "They know—Marta, Lola, Susita, all my friends—that I was to dance with you. Why have you so shamed me before my friends?"

Up there, near the bench of the musicians, Don Cunningham, too busily happy to feel (having once delivered his soul) unduly responsible for his guest, had suddenly called for an American quadrille.

"Which of you can play 'Mighty good pickin'?'" he said. "You, Mosique? Climb up, then; lively, now! Manuel, you can take a rest, if you like."

Mighty good pickin' in the sandy lands,
Mighty good pickin' in the sand!

sang the instruments, obediently; Manuel's substitute, a tall, handsome Haytian negro, playing the air, by the teaching of nature; the others following, with so true an ear, so keen a feeling for rhythm, that there was no break nor blur in time or melody. Meanwhile, Manuel was glad to be released; his arms ached, he was stiff from long sitting, and for at least five minutes he had caught no glimpse of Rosita.

He made his way through the throng of babes and mothers, of dancers released seeking a resting-place, and other couples taking the floor; and, passing the entrance, stood unsheltered beneath the stars, closely followed by Jesusito.

Boyd was not actively conscious of the change in the melody. It seemed to him that the broken spell, the seductive influence from which he had been delivered, was of quite another sort and complexion.

"Forgive me, Rosita," he said. "I meant, believe me, I meant very differently from what you say. But surely you are wrong to be here. We will speak of this to-morrow."

"It is to-morrow already," said the girl, with the red spot glowing and fading in her cheek. "And for the wrong—! Think you I hold myself bound by the customs of these Mexicans? Would it be 'wrong to be here' for a girl of your people? And I am at least half American."

Neither of them surmised that Manuel's eyes beheld, though his ear did not hear, the interview. And for Manuel it was no question of race or conventionality; there were in his heart a mad surprise and rage, and his brown fingers closed and straightened themselves, as though they handled something more deadly than the strings of his guitar.

And behind him the fingers of Jesusito

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passed swiftly and silently over the fragrant brown beads of his rosary.

But Manuel saw only Boyd and Rosita; they saw not even him.

Mighty good pickin' in the sandy lands,
Mighty good pickin' in the sand!

sang the music within the tent. The cheerful, wholesome, courageous melody braced heart and soul to strength and purity; though Boyd was unconscious of that to which he listened.

"*Half* an American!" he said. "But it is not well, Rosita, to be half anything, I think; and surely we must be *one* with any people, if we would truly bear their griefs and carry their sorrows, to their redemption and our own."

"The redemption of *this* people!" she said, but not very scornfully, for something in the words or his manner moved her against her will.

"If it were only a little," he said; "if one or two might live a little cleaner, just a little more strongly and purely! Oh! it is very much to lay hold on the lives of the children. If each generation were lifted only a little—we grow so fast, here in America—"

"What do I care!" she broke in. "I have been shamed before my friends! Perhaps it is that you believe that I love you, Señor Boyd? I! who love only Manuel! I have denied it? Yes! I have blushed to think that I loved him; for I wished to be an American—free, happy!—and his love dragged me back; it bound me to the people of my mother. So, when you came, I said: 'This one, who is wise and holy, who is half a padre, who has the face of a saint—he will help me—tell me—show me how to live my life—how—'"

Her passion choked her. It was a full minute before she went on. In that minute Manuel had remembered something in the hip-pocket of his teamster's clothes, left for the night in the new adobe house beside the ford of the Concho.

"But at last you say well," Rosita continued; "I *will* be one with my people; one with him! If my love degrade me, that is best of all; it will drag me down, to be nearer him. I shall be still the beloved of Manuel!"

The girl was half sincere, and, by some subtle insight, some new sincerity of his own that had perhaps reached his soul through the piercing of the star-beams, Boyd answered to that sincerity alone, leaving the rest to perish as it deserved.

"Does love degrade, therefore?" he said; "is it not rather like the rays of the blessed sun, Rosita, piercing that it may draw upward to itself? *Adios*, child, *adios;* once more, forgive me. Would to God, if only for your sake, that I had been all that you believed. Give me your hand, and good-by!"

From Manuel, behind him in the shadow, his face was hidden; there was something in it for Rosita that awed and compelled her. She placed in his strong white palm her slender olive-tinted fingers; then the tears came, and the darkness swallowed her; she had escaped, under its shelter, to the tiny frame cottage near the schoolhouse, where she lived with the family of the American foreman who managed the farm.

"It is very dark at the ford," whispered Manuel to his own heart; "there are black shadows there, under the little cedar-trees. And if a shot came, who is to tell the hand?"

But as for Jesusito, he said nothing save upon the beads of his rosary.

Four hours later, in the mirk darkness before the dawn, the swift, sure stride of Cunningham's bays approached the black waters of the river.

"Yes, queer people," said their owner's cheerful voice; "as you say, Ned, a queer people. Ready to shoot you one minute, and the next, if you are kind to them, they forget all about it. A Mexican hasn't backbone enough to bear malice long."

But under the blackest shadow there was a gleam of polished metal, as a stray beam of the pale light found its way through the thick cedar boughs. The finger on the trigger was strong and sure. And of what avail that only a few yards away, on the very edge of the river, Jesusito lay hidden, even from Manuel? Of what avail that the carved brown beads dripped through his fingers, as the waters of the Concho over the stones in the river-bed? Could Jesusito, by any alarm, deliver up his brother to Cunningham's pitiless justice?

"It is well that the boy sleeps, yonder, in the house that I builded for Rosita," ran the thoughts of Manuel; "those eyes of his would make my hand unsteady. But

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he knows nothing; and it was true that the team needed my care. Jesusito sleeps!"

("Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Pray for us sinners,
Now, and in the hour of our death.")

The feet of the bays had entered the cold waters. One of them stumbled, and his owner repaid him with a hearty curse, before he remembered to beg Boyd's pardon.

"It's very good of you to say so," returned the young man, with some bitterness; "I wish, Cunningham, that I deserved the respect you pay me."

"Oh! that's all right, Ned," replied the other, easily. "That's *all* right. I respect you right enough, too. I remember one time when I was courting m' wife—she was visiting on a ranch out Knickerbocker way—and blame me, if I didn't get lost on the prairie, on my way to see her, and ride all night without ever finding the house. And, sir, when it come morning, I found by the sun that the confounded ranch was about a mile or so behind me; and I had to turn plumb round in my tracks before I could strike the spot."

"One minute more," said Manuel; "the horses are at the bank. It is well that the boy sleeps. Jesusito sleeps."

("And the Life Everlasting. Amen.")

"And, sir, that's what's the matter," pursued Cunningham, cheerfully. "Turn round in your tracks, Ned, just turn plumb round—Great God A'mighty! what's that!"

There had been a rustle in the bushes on the edge of the stream; but not for any rustle would Greased Lightning so have swerved and plunged, before both horses mounted the last ascent of the bank at a plunge, and then dashed forward at the top of their speed. The buggy swayed from side to side; Boyd held on for very life; even the ranchman's iron wrist could not control the frightened pair, until the river had long been passed, and they stood more than a gunshot away upon the open prairie, under the swift dawn of the southern sky. Then, handing the reins to his companion, Cunningham sprang to the ground and ran to Lightning's head.

"What in thunder made you put up such a fool game as that on me, Lightning?" he said, in remonstrance. The next moment he gave a long, shrill whistle and was silent.

"Anything wrong?" asked Boyd, with, however, but slight interest in the reply.

"Just a little matter between me and Lightning," said Cunningham.

He made two long steps back to his place beside the young man; his lips were closely pressed together; several times during the remainder of the drive he said "Good Lord!" and once he broke into wild laughter.

But not to Boyd nor to any one except the owner, to whom he carefully restored it, with the remark that he could throw pretty straight for a small boy, did Cunningham ever reveal that he had found, tangled in Lightning's bridle, the small, fragrant beads of a carved brown rosary.

The Birds of Bethlehem

By Richard Watson Gilder

[Reprinted from "In Palestine and Other Poems" by special permission of the author and of the publishers of that book, The Century Company, of New York.]

I.

I heard the bells of Bethlehem ring—
  Their voice was sweeter than the priests';
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
  Unbidden in the churchly feasts.

II.

They clung and swung on the swinging chain
  High in the dim and incensed air;
The priests, with repetitions vain,
  Chanted a never-ending prayer,

III.

So bell and bird and priest I heard,
  But voice of bird was most to me;
It had no ritual, no word,
  And yet it sounded true and free.

IV.

I thought Child Jesus, were he there,
  Would like the singing birds the best,
And clutch his little hands in air
  And smile upon his mother's breast.

Bethlehem, Holy Week, 1896.

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Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending February 17. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

The Cruise of the Cachalot, by Frank T. Bullen, First Mate, will at once take a high place in the class of sea-books of which Mr. Hamblen's "On Many Seas" and R. H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" are familiar examples. It gives the personal narrative of a sailor before the mast in an American whaler throughout a three years' cruise in which the ship circumnavigates the globe and the crew kills whales in the seas of the Far North and the Far South as well as in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. In this long voyage everything happens that well could happen to a whaler. Every kind of disaster, accident, narrow escape, and triumphant capture conceivable seems to have been the lot of this particular crew of whalers. In such an extended voyage this might very possibly happen in reality; but whether the events narrated are really those of one voyage or many matters not to the reader. In this clear-cut, stirring narrative he will find the best extant account of whales and whale-fishing, based on full knowledge and personal experience, and with it many vivid word-pictures of fights between the sea-monster and his puny assailants. The writer has the natural gift of vigorous writing. He must have been, as a common sailor, a rare exception in intelligence and reasoning power. If he has not the imaginative quality of Mr. Conrad or the humor of Mr. Jacobs among the sea story tellers, he has a directness and force which are individual gifts of a high order. Incidentally are presented realistic pictures of the sailor's life which are pitiful in their hardness, and obviously truthful. As to the whale itself ("cachalot," by the way, is the name of the great sperm whale), Mr. Bullen plainly contradicts a surprising number of popular errors, such as that the whale spouts streams of water into the air; incidentally those of our readers who are still disturbed by the "Jonah and the whale" controversy will be interested to know that Mr. Bullen asserts that he has repeatedly seen solid masses of food in whales, much larger than a man; when he states that in one case "some" of the masses ejected by the whale measured "8 feet by 6 feet by 6 feet," one suspects a slip of the pen. We do not know how scientists will regard Mr. Bullen's description of the whale and his habits, but to the lay reader it is illuminating and interesting to a degree. Altogether, the book is one that absorbs the attention more potently than most romances of adventure. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Philippine Islands, by Ramon Reyes Lala, a native of Manila, is an extremely interesting book. It is not the work of an authority upon Philippine history or politics or industry, but it is the work of a popular writer on all these themes, who knows Philippine life as only a native can know it, and knows an American audience as only a citizen of this country can know it. The chapters of the greatest charm are those upon the social life of his people, but to the serious reader those upon the struggle for freedom have a still higher interest. Like the writer of the recent striking article in the "Review of Reviews," and apparently like all the Filipinos who resisted Spanish despotism, the author entirely exculpates Aguinaldo and his associates for accepting the fund of $400,000 given them when the Spaniards pledged the desired reforms. This fund, says the author, was not given for the personal use of the leaders, but to educate native young men if the pledges were carried out, and to buy arms for the renewal of the rebellion if they were not. In Dr. Rizal, the President of the Manila University, who was the first leader of the revolt, the cause of Philippine independence seems to have had a martyr whose name will be honored as long as the love of liberty is cherished in the islands. Mr. Lala's timely volume is copiously and well illustrated. (Continental Publishing Company, New York.)

Mr. Stephen Bonsal was one of the most active among the many active newspaper

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and magazine correspondents who accompanied the army in the Santiago campaign. His volume *The Fight for Santiago* includes many articles which have already been widely read, and the whole has been made into a consecutive personal narrative, abounding in incidents and pen-pictures. The book is well printed and excellently illustrated. Sometimes the critical reader feels that Mr. Bonsal strains a little after dramatic effect, and sometimes a little compression would improve the story, but as a whole it tells clearly and fluently what the author saw—which was, in fact, a remarkably large proportion of what took place in the Santiago campaign. It may be noted that Mr. Bonsal holds that the defects of what he calls a campaign "improvised in a slipshod manner" grew largely out of the suddenness with which the sending of Shafter's army to Santiago was determined upon. He intimates that the Administration really had no intention of sending an army into Cuba in the summer until Sampson's imperative demand on June 6 for troops, by the aid of whom, he cabled, "the city and fleet could be ours within forty-eight hours," whereupon the Shafter expedition was ordered to start within twenty-four hours. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

Friendly Visiting among the Poor: A Handbook for Charity Workers, by Mary E. Richmond, General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore, is one of the most useful books we have lately met with. It is just the thing to put into the hands of novices equipped only with the best intentions. There is a large number of charitable persons, animated by a sincere desire to be helpful neighbors to the needy, who need to study these lessons in the art of true helpfulness. The writer's point of departure is the organization of the poor man's home rather than the organization of charity. We commend her book to the good people who are deterred from engaging with the Charity Organization Society's corps of friendly visitors—a corps that sadly needs reinforcement—because they fear their inexperience. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Two volumes of short tales are in the week's output of fiction. *Through the Turf Smoke*, by Seumas Macmanus, is a collection of lively and readable stories of Irish life, all, or nearly all, relating to Donegal, with some excess of dialect, but with vigor and originality. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.) In *The Heart of Denise* Mr. S. Levett-Yeats follows the vein he has worked successfully in the "Chevalier d'Auriac" and other romances of France in olden days. The other stories in the volume are experiments in another direction, and include some not at all successful tales of the impossible. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The simple, tender story of *Picciola*, translated by Abby L. Alger, has appeared in the "Home and School Library." (Ginn & Co., Boston.) This story is too well known to need comment.

Books Received

For the week ending February 24

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK

Orr, Rev. James, D.D. Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity. $1.50.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Hobson, Richmond Pearson. The Sinking of the Merrimac. $1.50.

THE EDITOR PUBLISHING CO., CINCINNATI

Roucolle, Adrienne. The Kingdom of the Good Fairies

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., NEW YORK

Realf, Richard, Poems by. Edited by Col. Richard J. Hinton. $2.50.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Hastings, Charles S., and Frederick E. Beach. A Text-Book of General Physics. $2.95.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845-1846. In 2 Vols. $5.

Fish, Williston. Short Rations. $1.25.

Howells, W. D. Ragged Lady. $1.75.

Thackeray, William Makepeace. The Adventures of Philip. $1.75. (Biographical Edition.)

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Molière's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. 30 cts.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Rosegger's Die Schriften des Waldschulmeisters. With Introduction by Laurence Fossler.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Burnham, Clara Louise. A West Point Wooing. $1.25.

Kropotkin, P. Fields, Factories, and Workshops. $3.

Trueblood, Benjamin F. The Federation of the World. $1.

Davis, M. E. M. The Wire Cutters.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Landor, Walter Savage, Letters of. Edited by Stephen Wheeler.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Sadler, Rev. M. F. Commentary on Titus, Philemon, and the Hebrews. $1.50.

Weir, James, Jr., M.D. The Dawn of Reason. $1.25.

Rogers, Arthur Kenyon. A Brief Introduction to Modern Philosophy. $1.25.

The Works of Shakespeare. Edited by C. H. Herford. In 10 Vols. Vol. I. $1.50. (The Eversley Edition.)

Adams, George Burton. European History. $1.40.

Patten, Simon N. The Development of English Thought. $3.

Browning, Robert. Men and Women. Edited by Israel Gollancz. 50 cts. (The Temple Classics.)

Plutarch's Lives. Englished by Sir Thomas North. In 10 Vols. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. 50 cts. per volume. (The Temple Plutarch.)

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. Aurora Leigh. 50 cts. Edited by Israel Gollancz. (The Temple Classics.)

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Church, Samuel Harden. John Marmaduke. 50 cts.

Fiske, Amos Kidder. The West Indies. $1.50.

Bonney, T. G. Volcanoes. $2.

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The Religious World

Henry Preserved Smith a Congregationalist

Another chapter in Presbyterian history is closed. A few months ago the Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D.D., entered the Episcopalian Church, and now his companion in heresy, according to Southwestern standards of orthodoxy, the Rev. Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., has become a Congregationalist. Professor Briggs remains a Professor in Union Seminary, where his twenty-five years of splendid service has recently been appropriately recognized, and Professor Smith occupies the chair of Biblical History and Interpretation at Amherst College. He was welcomed unanimously and heartily into fellowship by the Hampshire Association, which met at Northampton, Mass., on February 7. He has already won for himself an honorable place at Amherst, where his services are greatly appreciated. These two trials for heresy have injured no one but those prosecuting. Both men are as widely honored as before, and both are in positions of as great eminence and usefulness.

The Federation of Churches

The subject of Federation is in the ecclesiastical air. The last National Council of Congregational Churches gave the subject a large place in its programme. Nearly all the papers which largely influence religious thought have given the subject hearty approval. Now two organizations in New York City, viz., "The Federation of Churches and Christian Workers" and the "Open and Institutional Church League," have adopted the following resolution: "That it is the sense of this meeting that it is desirable that steps be taken for the formation of a National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers, and that the organizations here represented shall heartily cooperate to this end." This document is signed by representatives of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, Reformed, Disciples of Christ, and Congregational Churches. Of the value of the work already accomplished by this Federation there can be no doubt. While recognizing and properly emphasizing the fundamental principles of the various denominations, it unites all for the common service. Slowly but surely the common mission is found to be most important, and thus denominational questions gradually take a secondary place. This has been the result in Great Britain, where the unifying force of the principle of federation has had its best illustration. The same effect has been observed in a lesser degree in New York City, in Pittsburg, and in the State of Maine. We can see no reason why federation should not be welcomed here quite as enthusiastically as anywhere else in the world. The results would be fewer but larger and better churches; fewer denominational colleges and consequently greater economy of administration; fewer empty treasuries among missionary societies; and, above all, a united, aggressive, and victorious Church.

The Free Church Handbook

We are hearing much about the Free Churches in these days. The Federation of which we speak in the paragraph above is one of the most conspicuous movements of our time, and its influence is reaching beyond the bounds of the land in which it started. One result of this Federation is a new "Year-Book," and this book is but one of the many signs that the Free Churches are growing together. This résumé of ecclesiastical life as represented in the Free Churches contains many instructive facts. The relative strength of the Evangelical Free Churches and the Anglican Church is made evident in the following figures, which are for England and Wales alone:

	Evangelical Free Churches.	Anglican Churches.
Sittings	7,848,804	6,886,977
Members	1,897,175	1,886,059
Teachers	381,153	219,159
Scholars	3,284,963	2,393,372
Pastors	8,802	22,876
Local Preachers	49,970	

The increase in the membership for the year is: Free Churches, 47,708; Established Church, 45,708. For the first time an estimate is made of the ordinary income of the Free Churches, viz., between five and six millions, the value of Church

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property being estimated at over fifty millions. In the English-speaking countries and their missions the Free Church members number twenty-one millions, and the Anglicans three and one-quarter millions. These figures show that the Nonconformists in England and Wales already outnumber the Anglicans. When to these are added the Unitarians and the Roman Catholics, it will be still more evident that the claims of the Anglican to be the Church of England rest on a very insufficient foundation. It will also be a surprise to many to learn that, when the English-speaking world is considered, the Free Churches and Missions number in their adherents about six times as many as the Anglicans. The number of pastors among the Anglicans is three times greater than among the Free Churches, but this is more than balanced by the nearly fifty thousand local preachers reported by the latter.

Missions in China

The Rev. Harlan P. Beach is one of the ablest and wisest of all the missionary workers in this country. This is due in part, no doubt, to his service as a missionary in China, which he abandoned only because of health considerations. He is the Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. He is the author of a recent and very valuable book on missions in China, called "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang." No more valuable work on this subject has yet appeared. Mr. Beach has a very instructive article in the February number of the "Missionary Review of the World," in the course of which he condenses some valuable statistics concerning missions in China. The American Societies have 276 ordained missionaries and 671 other foreign workers, or 967 in all. Their native assistants number 2,124. The number of members in the churches is 40,027. The British Societies have 174 ordained missionaries, 451 unordained, making a total of 625 foreign workers, 2,159 native assistants, and 29,645 members in the churches. The Continental Missionary Societies have 52 ordained missionaries, 93 unordained, a total of 145 foreign workers, 205 native helpers, and 3,997 in the churches. There are also various other societies working in China. The summary of the statistics is given as follows: 527 ordained missionaries, 519 "lay missionaries," 675 missionaries' wives, or a total of 2,461 from outside of China. The total number of native helpers is 5,071. The entire membership of the mission churches is 80,682. The membership increases at the rate of about 14 per cent. per annum. Mr. Beach's book is an admirable one for consecutive study in societies.

A Summer School of Theology

The example set by Principal Fairbairn at Oxford is at last to be followed in a worthy fashion in this country, in the best locality and under the most favorable conditions. Harvard University has made arrangements for a Summer School of Theology, to be in session from July 5–21. The school will be open to all, both men and women, on the payment of a moderate fee. Professor C. C. Everett, of Harvard, is to lecture on "The Ideal Elements of Religion;" Professor William N. Clarke, of Colgate University, on "The Doctrine of God;" President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, on "The Transformation of Human Character under Divine Influence;" and Professor George H. Palmer, of Harvard, on "Ethics and Religion." Professors C. H. Toy and D. G. Lyon, of Harvard, H. G. Mitchell, of Boston University, and George F. Moore, of Andover Seminary, will lecture on "Old Testament History and Literature;" and Professors Platner and Ropes, of Harvard, A. C. McGiffert, of Union Seminary, and A. V. G. Allen, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, on "The Development from Primitive to Catholic Christianity." Professors Charles Eliot Norton and Josiah Royce and the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon are to give lectures also. There are many reasons for calling Cambridge the best place for such a school. It is near to the seashore; it is near Boston; it is the seat of our oldest university; it is where absolute freedom will be enjoyed; it is where all the traditions will be helpful. The list of lecturers for the proposed school includes Baptists, Unitarians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, and all are men of eminent position and ability. Those desiring information should address the Rev. Robert S. Morrison, Divinity Library, Cambridge, Mass.

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For the Little People

Aunt Maria

By Elizabeth L. Gould

When my grandma goes a-vis'ting,
And my sister Floy
'N' me is left with Aunt Maria,
I'm the goodest boy!
If my grandma sees me doing
Things, she says, "Now, Jack,
Don't you know you mustn't act so?"
Then she turns her back,
P'r'aps, or goes right on a-reading;
Don't *seem* 's if she cared.
First time Aunt Maria stayed here,
Floy and me just stared
'Cause she looked so awful pleasant
When she said, "My dear,
If I see you tease your sister
Once more while I'm here,
You'll go straight to bed and stay there."
Someway I forgot,
By an' by, and put Floy's dolly
In the wat'ring-pot
Full o' water; 'n' Aunt Maria
Saw me. . . . *Now* when Floy
'N' me is left with Aunt Maria,
I'm the goodest boy!

The Dolls' Party

By Helen E. Colburn

One day, late in the afternoon, Marjorie was curled up on the cushioned window-seat in the hall upstairs. The doll-house was standing against the wall opposite her, and she could see into its four little rooms.

"Oh, I do wish dolls were alive!" she sighed. "Wouldn't it be fun if they could talk, and go to parties and things!" And she thought of big sister Laura, who was coming home that night from abroad, and for whom there was to be a great reception next week.

Suddenly she thought she saw a light in the little dolls' kitchen, and leaned forward to look. The chandelier was brightly lighted, and Dinah, the black cook, was hurrying about, her beadlike eyes shining. A real fire was crackling in the little stove, and real steam was issuing from the tiny tea-kettle. All about stood hampers such as Marjorie had so often seen brought into the kitchen at home, when mamma had parties. There were ice-cream freezers, and pasteboard boxes so suggestive of cakes that they made her mouth water.

Little white-capped maids were bustling around in the dining-room, getting out tiny napkins from the sideboard, and loading the table with delicious things. Marjorie saw in one place a bowl of beautiful roses on a square centerpiece in the middle of the table. Two black waiters were moving noiselessly about.

Marjorie heard a little jingle, and looked up in time to see her tin grocer's cart come jingling around a corner, Ben, the driver, urging on his prancing horses, and then checking them at the steps of the little house, while the tin boy with the very red cheeks, who usually sat beside him, actually unfolded his tin arms for once and ran up the steps with a basket of groceries. Then Marjorie heard Dinah's voice, very low and faint, scolding him for not coming sooner. It all seemed so very wonderful!

When Marjorie looked into the little bedroom—she had gotten up in order to see better, and stood quite near the little house, for no one seemed to notice or to mind her in the least—she saw a sight which fairly made her hold her breath. On the bed lay a beautiful little pink satin dress, and a white-capped maid was tying pink satin slippers on the feet of Miss Dorothea, her newest dolly. About the room frisked Polly and Molly, two little girl dolls, all dressed in white gowns with red sashes, and having their fluffy hair nicely crimped.

Marjorie was listening to the tinkle, tinkle of conversation going on in the bedroom, when another sound caught her ear and she turned around, just avoiding stepping on a carriage which had driven up to the steps, and from which a beautiful young lady doll all in white satin emerged. Then from every room and all down the hall came tiny carriages, and there was much cracking of little whips and prancing of tin horses, as each driver arrived in his turn at the doll-house, and little gentlemen and ladies tripped up the steps.

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Soon the parlor was filled with the tiny people in silks and satins of all colors—pink and blue and yellow and green. Marjorie saw Miss Dorothea standing up near the mantel and receiving the guests, among whom she recognized the dolls of some of her dearest friends.

By and by the little people began going downstairs to the dining-room, and the maids and the bowing black waiters flew around with tiny napkins and plates of salad and ices and spun sugar and candies and cakes.

When at last they were all upstairs in the parlor again, a fine young lady doll seated herself at the piano and jingled off the Virginia Reel, and all the tiny gentlemen selected their partners and danced.

Soon after the little carriages began to drive up to the steps and the guests to depart. The hum of voices in the parlor was growing fainter when, seemingly from a distance, Marjorie heard a rumble and the sound of heavy footsteps. The lights in the little doll-house went slowly out one by one, and she opened her eyes, to find Aunt Polly leaning over her, while two men were bringing a trunk upstairs, and from below came a confusion of exclamations and the sound of people kissing one another. Then, of course, she knew that Sister Laura had come, and she just flew down the broad hall stairs; but for a long while afterwards she kept peeping into the little house on dark afternoons in hopes of possibly seeing signs of preparation for another dolls' party.

What Louis XV. Saw

Doubtless you have heard the family talking about the horseless carriage, if you have not read of or seen it. These carriages are propelled by electricity, by gas, or by compressed air. The wheels are broad, and have a very heavy rubber tire, which makes them noiseless. Some of the delivery wagons of the dry-goods houses in New York are propelled by these motors, and it is proposed to build trucks for carrying the heavy freight from the docks and storage-houses and depots.

We speak of these horseless carriages as something new. This is a mistake. In 1748, one hundred and fifty years ago, a Frenchman created excitement in Paris by exhibiting a horseless carriage. The King, Louis XV., honored the inventor by inspecting the carriage, which was a most gorgeous affair. The King and his suite expressed themselves as greatly pleased, and the King promised his patronage to the inventor. But the wise men of that time, who decided all questions about inventions, decided that such a conveyance should not be tolerated in the streets, and the horseless carriage had to wait until our time for indorsement. The horseless carriage seen by Louis XV. was propelled by a very heavy, long spring that was wound up as we wind our watches and clocks. This made necessary a good many pieces of machinery, and made the carriage cumbersome and heavy and it did not run as rapidly as a horse would propel a carriage. Perhaps this was one reason why it failed.

Our Pets and their Usage

On one of the very cold days, when the streets were covered with ice and snow, a pug dog came into a store, and lay down, tucking his feet under him to get them warm. It was evident that the dog was suffering from the cold, for he trembled and cried. He had been made so tender by petting and coddling that he was not able to bear the cold. He should have been blanketed. If we make our pets tender by caring for them and housing them, we are unkind if we do not protect them from discomfort which they would not know if we did not make them unfit to bear discomfort.

A man who knows all about dogs, and has seen them in all parts of the world, tells us that dogs are greatly changed by taking them from their native countries and putting them to different service and treating them differently. He tells us that the Scotch collie, which was taken into our Western States to herd sheep, is a very different dog from the collies in Scotland—that he is more intelligent, stronger, and almost human in his care for the flocks. These collies treat the little lambs very differently from the way in which they treat the sheep, seeming to know that the lambs are too young to understand and obey them; but they insist that the sheep shall obey them, driving them hard to compel obedience. These dogs will go out in the fiercest blizzard to hunt up stragglers, and they show deep affection for the herders.

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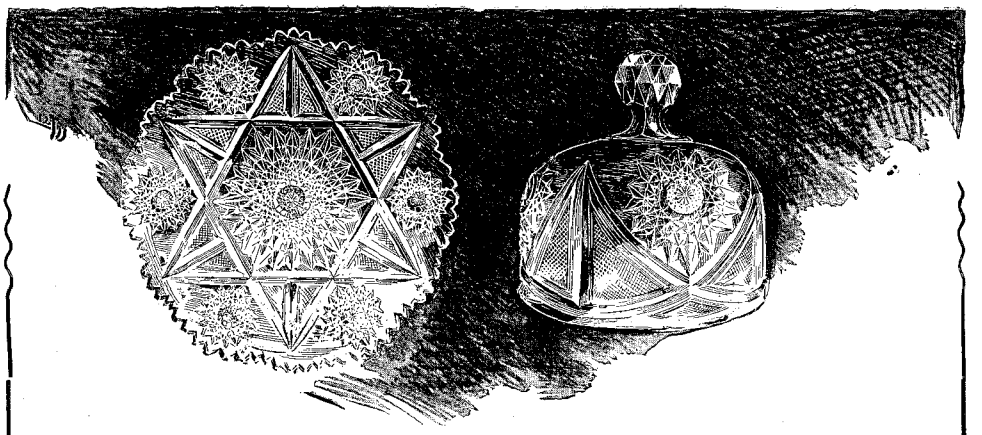

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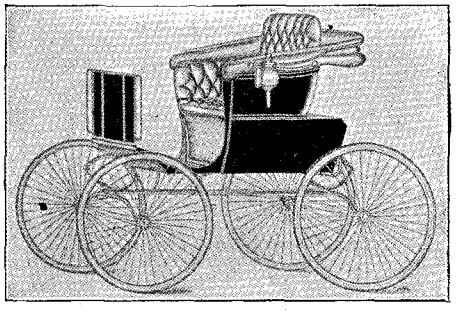

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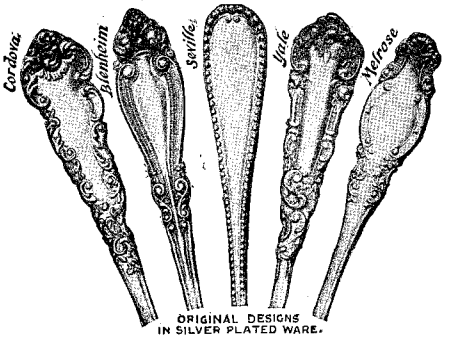

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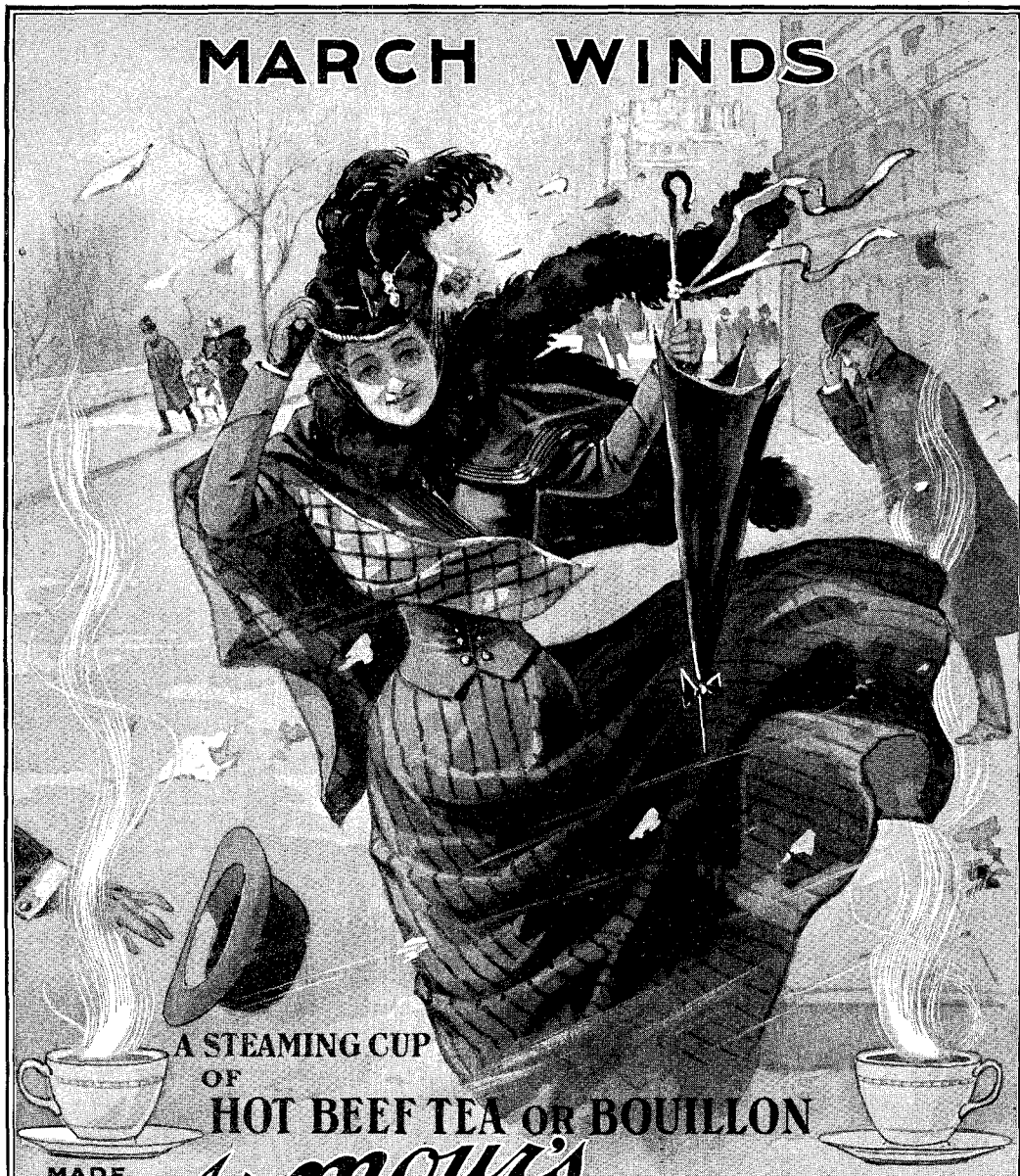

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